

"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job 29, 12, 16.

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## Advocate and Guardian.

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### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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No. 29 East 29th Street,  
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For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### Nobody Like Mother.

BY KATE CAMERON.

You've said so, yourself, a thousand times, and you never said a truer thing; there is no one in the wide, wide world like mother; and when we say that, of course we all mean *our* mother. Don't imagine that a remark capable of so wide an application, is any the less true. By no means. It is a self-evident proposition—an axiom—there's nobody like mother!

And it is not little children alone who realize it; of course, *they* go to their mother for every thing and with every thing, as to their best friend. How many tears are dried by a mother's kiss! How many of the oft-recurring accidents of the nursery, the pinched fingers, and tiny cuts and bruises that although almost invisible to other eyes, are so readily discerned and cured by a mother's sympathy. No wonder that the little sufferers know so well where to go for consolation. God pity the orphans, for they will find no earthly comforter like a mother.

But we speak now of children of a larger growth. Was there ever a man who did not place "mother's cooking" above all possible competition? And well he might, for who else could make such wholesome bread and snowy biscuit, and delicious pies and tempting cake? Who else ever gave just the right time for a roast? and served up such savory steaks? And mother's chicken-pie! What a miracle of epicurean perfection was that! No, go where we may, we shall never taste such delicacies again. Now, do not think because we've placed the viands first, that we are gourmands, or mother nothing but a cook. But we must all confess that eating is a necessity as well as a luxury, and the mothers of whom we write were all old-fashioned women, who considered it not only a duty, but a privilege to gratify the *tastes* of their husbands and children. We do not know how it will be with ladies of the present generation, the mothers of the animated French dolls, who have usurped the place of the old-fashioned children. We have our misgivings about them, but will not mention them now.

Who ever accomplished so much work as mother? and yet she always had plenty of leisure for all the drafts we made upon her time. And in all the neighborhood, who was ever more ready and willing to attend to the wants of the sick and the destitute? When all the active labors of the day were finished, there was the sewing and the knitting, and the mending; how her fingers must have ached over the never empty work-basket; and yet there was no word of complaint. Was there an unlucky rent of dress or jacket at school, who could mend it so neatly that no one could ever see the place—but mother? Was there a nail on the gate, where our aprons would get caught, try as we might to avoid it? What matter, while mother's needle was so skillful, and her kind voice ever ready, to say, "I will fix it, my child."

In knitting, it is true she had one rival, but

that was only a mother of another generation dear grandma, her striped mittens and clouded stockings were a sure protection against the cold and snow; and her warm heart doted on the little ones around her with a tenderness and love, which we seldom realized until her arm-chair in the corner was forever vacant.

But mother, what shall we say of her? Of her ready sympathy in all our childish sorrows and youthful disappointments; of her wisdom in every emergency which so sorely puzzled our young minds; of her aid in every difficulty, of her counsel and her prayers. Never was there such unwearying affection, such patient toil, such perfect self-denial. Were you sick? How gently did she nurse you, how willing was she to deprive herself of sleep to minister to your wants; how anxious for your recovery, how grateful when you were restored to health. Can you not feel the soothing touch of her loving hand upon your fevered brow? And how often, now, in your mature life, when tossing on your bed through wakeful hours, you are troubled and perplexed by the cares of business and the anxieties of the future, do you think with a sigh, of the deep sleep of childhood, which ever waited on the couch so carefully prepared by a mother's hand; and when each night you lisped your evening prayer, and received that sweet good-night kiss from your mother's lips.

Ah! there is no place whither a mother's influence does not follow us. No spot but contains some hidden charm to invoke her memory. Happy for us, if we have always walked in that narrow path wherein she sought to lead our earliest footsteps. We have not drawn a full-length portraiture, we have but given a stray touch here and there. We will leave you to fill up the picture from nature; you can all do it.

Life has nothing so potent, so heavenly as the hallowed ministry of a mother's love. And, oh! if God has so blessed you, as still to leave your mother on earth, strive to make her last



days her best days; you can never requite all her kindness and all her love, but you may smooth and brighten her pathway toward the better land. One of our own poets has well sung, "Mother, dear mother! with what sweet trust I hung at thy bosom, clung round thee first? 'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain, 'Tis the only one that will long remain. And as year by year, and day by day, Some friend still trusted, drops away; Mother, dear mother! Oh, dost thou see How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee!"

#### GOD HELP THE POOR.

DARKLY the winter day  
Dawns on the moor,  
How can the heart be gay—  
Who can endure?  
See the sad, weary wight,  
Wanders from noon to night,  
Shelterless, homeless quite!  
God help the poor!

Now the red robin, here,  
Sits on the sill,  
Not e'en a grain comes near  
To touch its bill;  
So with the houseless poor,  
Wandering from door to door,  
Seeking a morsel more,  
Lord, 'tis Thy will.

White is the virgin snow,  
Bitter the morn;  
See those starved children go,  
Wretched, forlorn!  
Feet without shoes or hose,  
Backs without warm clothes,  
Strangers to calm repose;  
Why were they born?

See that lone, aged man,  
Snow-white his hair;  
Mark his sad visage wan,  
Deep his despair;  
Craving the rich man's food,  
Owner of many a rood,  
Lord, thou art always good,  
Hear his heart-prayer.

Yonder a woman goes,  
Ragged and old,  
Barefooted o'er the snow,  
Famished and cold;  
How her poor children cling  
To her side shivering,  
Chickens beneath her wing  
Doth she enfold?

Fast falls the sleet and rain,  
Slowly they go,  
By forest-side, sheltered plain,  
Wailing their woe;  
City street now they see,  
Here they roam wild and free,  
Are they not flesh as we—  
Canst thou say "No?"

Night spreads her sable wing,  
Where can they lie  
Sorrows like theirs must bring  
Tears to the eye;  
Full the cloud torrent falls,  
Down they must lie in halls,

Each to his Maker calls,  
"Lord! let me die!"

Ye whom the heavens bless,  
Give from your store;  
'Twill ne'er make your treasures less,  
Must make them more.

For he that gives cheerfully,  
God loves so tenderly,  
Give to them!—pray with me,  
God help the poor!

#### FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY MELVA.

Concluded.

SOCIETY is full of aimless, characterless women, I mean characterless in the sense of inertness and vacuity. They lounge about life as if they were sent into it for the simple purpose of leisurely glancing at its wayside flowers, or gazing at its moving panoramas. If they do any of the work of the world, it is what circumstances compel them to do—they do it because they must, not because they choose to belong to the world's earnest toilers.

Such women never accomplish much or else they mar all their achievements by repining and fretfulness, for I think the women who do the work of life from compulsion, merely because they cannot get rid of it, are the repiners and fretters of society. Circumstances are forever crowding, ruling, irritating them. They know not how, guided by the sinews of a strong and disciplined character, and on the firm rock of purpose and principle, to stand, holding royal command over impulse, passion, and all the habits of life. There are enough of such aimless women already floating, eddying and whirling on the current of time: may this institution send forth none to swell the number.

The young are prone to look at great results and attach importance to them, while they ignore the little influences that, continued, produce those results. I would urge upon you to overlook in your efforts at cultivating character, no little traits or habits of life that may help or mar its desirable formation, for "it is the little foxes that spoil the vines." Let all you do, all you say, all you plan and purpose have upon it the stamp of *character*. As members of this institution, let your pursuits and your deportment bear an impress of such character, that those who are now cognizant of it, may have no hesitation in judging from it your future with fond and with pleasing expectations. Here let me say of schools and pupils what I have already of the world and of women. Our seminaries of learning are too full of aimless, purposeless school girls, who are there because they have been sent there, and who are longing to get out, that they may be in society, and doing what they list, satisfied and happy if by any means their term of

study is cut short, and they have what they call their liberty—girls quite willing to be educated, if by some magic process knowledge can be put into their minds without much application on their part. With such, the rudiments and a term or two at some school of a higher order, smattering of French and music, a little painting and drawing, are considered sufficient for a finishing of their education. I trust I am not now speaking to such, for I know what efforts some of you are making to secure even limited advantages, and I sympathize with your regrets that there need be a limit to them. To such I would say, be earnest, and give character to even the short period of your study, and your efforts and your education shall not prove failures! To those of you who anticipate a protracted and thorough course of study here, suffer me to offer my congratulations. May you never blush, or cause your friends and teachers to blush, for the characters you bear in the seed time of your future years!

In the character of the reading and conversation too often selected or fallen into by young ladies, a defect is manifest which it may not be amiss here to note. Sit an unobserved listener within hearing of a group of school-girls, and what would you be most likely to conclude were in their estimate the important topics and affairs of life, some of the questions that now agitate christendom, or the dress, manners, and social position of some associate? Which the most absorbing themes, those with which the press teems daily and weekly, and which move the minds of thinking men and women, as the strong wind moves the trees of the forest, or the gossip of the neighborhood, or the color of a ribbon? Let me inquire of you, young ladies, with which are you most familiar, the great leading affairs of our country and the age, or the prevailing fashions of the day? With the details of which are you best acquainted, the Arctic Exploration, or the Diamond Wedding which occurred in New York within the past year? Which thrills you with the greater interest, the attentions and compliments of some half-developed, boyish young man, or the struggles of Italy for freedom, and the policy and movements of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi? Which would rivet your attention most intently, an account of the massacre in Syria, the sufferings of the Maronite Christians, and the retributive fate of the Druses, or the last engagement or wedding of the neighborhood? And which has power to stir your souls most profoundly, a contemplation of the toppling thrones and rocking dynasties of the world; or the last compliment or criticism upon yourselves which has reached your ear? Are you informed upon, can you converse intelligently respecting the dismemberment of Poland, the wrongs of



Hungary, or the Pope's prospect for future temporal power, and the unity and liberty of Italy?

The character of your reading will, in a great measure, determine the style and scope of your conversation. It is in vain to expect a young lady's conversation will possess aught but a vapid character, unless her reading embraces information on current and vital topics, and unless she learn to be a good listener, and a diligent gleaner from the best sources of intelligence. The character of a lady's conversation, and her talent for social influence in this direction, has very much to do in determining her position and usefulness in society. Then let me press upon you the importance of cultivating that class of reading which will give scope to your minds, and engage their attention upon those events and questions which agitate the world and occupy its earnest minds, and be far more eager to peruse the latest Congressional or European news, than you are to finish the last serial story in the weekly paper.

In your associations with the other sex, you have abundant room for the manifestation of character. Let the character of such intercourse be marked by dignity, urbanity, delicacy and truth, and by that spotless purity that would as truly and instinctively withhold you from ever acting the part of tempter, as from yielding yourselves to a temptation. A young lady who is more covetous of the admiration and gallantries of young men than she is of their genuine respect, and who in her love for flattery and attention will not scruple to secure it as the great end of her desires and aims, even by the sacrifice of her own self-respect, that young lady is a traitor to her sex, for she lowers the dignity of womanhood, and trails in the dust of contempt the beautiful plumage of true delicacy and refinement. She does more, she stands near the threshold of dangerous temptation; circumstances may favor her escape, restraints may interfere to save her, yet I tremble for the young lady who associates with young men and receives their attentions, yet cares not for, or fails to secure their respect. Young ladies, allow me to inquire how it is with each one of you! Do you manifest so much character in these associations, that no gentleman of your acquaintance would dare even in thought to sully even the outer hem of that white robe of respect and purity, which should enfold as with a charmed power every one who bears the name of woman? To each of you is committed, not alone the keeping of her own fair name, but in a measure the honor of her sex. Then in the name of our sex let me enjoin upon each one of you to guard sacredly and warily all the outposts of virtue, well assured that if you station purity and delicacy as sentries, and appoint truth and principle for bulwarks, no enemy shall ever take the citadel.

There are a multitude of ways, which I may not here enlarge upon, in which you may manifest character, and exercise your effort at self-cultivation. Towards your parents and teachers, your brothers and sisters, in your estimates of and deportment towards your friends and acquaintances, in your influence in society, in your treatment of the sorrowing and the erring, in the gentle and winning courtesies of life, and in its trials and disappointments. In your style of conversation and deportment on the Sabbath and in the sanctuary, as well as on the week day and by the fireside, in the recitation-room and in domestic avocations, in all your out-goings and in-comings, you may if you will, be rearing the superstructure of broad, massive, symmetrical and noble characters, harmonious in their developments, imperishable in their beauty and worth.

Need I say to you, who sit under such religious teaching as is here enjoyed, that to realize such characters in full perfection, you have need to learn of Jesus, to sit teachably at His feet and drink in freely of His strengthening, purifying grace.

What shall be your types of character—what your attainments in moral culture, my dear young friends—here amid these abundant means for improvement? Are you going forth to the active responsibilities of life at this period in the history of the world so pregnant with mighty interests, so teeming with imperative wants, unfurnished and unfitted to act a worthy part? Are you content to bear no part in benefitting your race and hastening the overthrow of sin and the final triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth?

There is coming a time in each of your histories, when to have lived for God and truth—to have been the means of adding through your efforts, but one to the number of those who have truly learned the great ends of life, and learned to live for them—when to have lifted up one benighted soul from the degradation of sin, or to have converted one little rill of evil, into a stream of beneficence and joy, or to have made but one obscure and sterile field of neglect, blossom and bear fruit for immortality, shall be of more value in your estimation, place you higher on the scale of being in the eyes of all the mighty universe, than to have concentrated upon yourselves all the riches and glory and glitter of earth's proudest queen or empress.

O, what scope, what glory, what endless riches and powers are within the grasp of you who are privileged to be young in this epoch of the world's history. Prophets and kings might well have desired to see this day, but they died without the sight; our fathers looked and longed for it, and some saw it in prophetic vision, but to you it is given to live and act in it. What record shall it leave for each of you upon the page of that history which shall surely

ly one day be read in the hearing of a great multitude which no man can number? In each of your individual characters will be found the answer.

The world needs—and its wants are pressing—more women with ripe, affluent, polished, Christian characters, to help refine, purify and bless it. Sad and tempted hearts, in countless habitations of sorrow, need such to bring cheer to their gloom and succor to their falterings. Faint and weary ones are pining for such where they may lean and rest. Little desolate ones are pressing out from many a dark den of city misery, or heathenish degradation, and calling in plaintive tones for such women to come to their rescue, while darkness and ignorance grope blindly but wishfully for the gentle hands of womanly tenderness and benevolence to lead them forth to light and truth and God. Young, strong, noble, manly spirits are looking forth upon society in search of such to fold to their hearts and make them help-meets in their labors for the race.

They wait for *you*, young ladies. The world, your day and generation wait for *you*, God and the angels await the rounding, the ripening, the polishing of your characters here, that they may call you up higher, where with augmented and perfected powers you may be forever ascending those heights of attainment, where the sunshine and the glory of an eternal day, shall fall forever upon the way your feet shall tread.

Then live ye, one and all, with great and earnest purposes shaping and giving direction to your characters, and be not eager to pluck the perishing flowers that grow in fields of earthly pleasure, for they will wither in your grasp, but seek ye rather those of perennial bloom, on which the frosts and mildews of time are powerless.

Those fadeless flowers that only may bloom,  
In the path of the earnest toiler,  
Whose hands are outstretched and whose efforts  
abound,  
To save man from the grasp of the spoiler,  
Flowers fit to weave in the fadeless wreath,  
That shall circle the brow of the victor,  
Who has forded in triumph the cold stream of  
death,  
By its waves unharmed and undaunted,  
Whose cheeks are fanned by the perfumed breath,  
Of the heavenly breeze, that plays through the  
trees,  
Which the Lord by life's river has planted,  
In whose blessed shades the holy repose,  
From earth's fetters free, from its toils and its woes  
Where sin never comes as a specter.

The pleasure arising from a correct course of conduct should of itself be a sufficient reward for well-doing; and this is the case where virtuous principles are the incentives to action. But as some of our children have been surrounded by the most unfavorable moral influences, with but little mental culture, if any, their faltering footsteps need every proper encouragement that can be devised, to stimulate them to increasing efforts towards self-improvement.—*Jesse K. McKiver.*



## THE HARD TIMES.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You say that you are striving to adapt yourself to the times—that you have dismissed one of your servants and taken a boarder. We differ in our views of economy, from taking different views of the causes which render it necessary for us to practice it. To me your view seems short-sighted and superficial. You are still wealthy—the poor have contributed to increasing your wealth. Now many of them have no employment—no homes—no friends—no money. The multitude will soon be famishing. To be Christ-like we must have compassion upon them. To me it seems that to employ the poor is true economy. Our domestics have shared in our prosperity, and like us been extravagant, and it is right that they should be losers and *helpers with us*. Let us *reduce their wages* where they have not children or aged parents to support, enough to enable us to increase our number, and thus save many homeless girls from ruin. Now is the time for housekeepers to show their power and wisdom to domestics, a class who have become powerful from our dependence upon them, and need a training in the school of economy and humility.

Those who will add to their domestics a seamstress or care-taker, will gain time and have an opportunity to see well to the ways of the household, and teach them by example lessons of kindness to each other, and the art of renewing old dresses, hats, etc., lessons which ought to be taught to our children and domestics, and time given for the practice of them. Let us look truthfully at the causes of this frightful crisis in commercial affairs. The tributaries of Cæsar say it is the effect of currency, overtrading, etc., etc. Those who acknowledge Christ as the wisdom of God will trace it to selfishness and sensuality. A professedly Christian nation has become intoxicated with love of beautiful things, forgotten the spirit of Christ, and in their haste to gratify their covetousness become worshipers of mammon.

In our childish pride we have resolved to outdo our more sober-minded mother and excite the admiration and envy of all the nations and potentates of earth. Our churches, our dwellings, our streets, our palace-like stores, our magnificent hotels, our luxurious saloons, testify against us.

And the dress of our women, who have reared and supported the dry-goods palaces, is a proof of the insanity, of the vanity, of those who indulge in fashionable display, and the want of principle in those who encourage it, or fail to denounce it as immoral in its tendency. We have reason to thank God for so speedily rebuking the fever and frenzy of covetousness before the whole nation became morally blind, and incapable of reading and understanding the causes which have led to the destruction of our hopes.

Our nation has fallen;—for judgment, justice, and truth have been disregarded, and the voice of the destroyer of humanity

heeded until men have lost faith in each other. God, angels, and the world are our witnesses and judges. The watchers for light over the earth, who have, like wrecked mariners, fixed their eyes upon us as humanity's life-boat, cry, "She has gone down!" Good angels and men mourn—evil ones rejoice. Will she rise or how will she rise? is the question now of the watchers.

It is a momentous question to the world—left for us to answer. Shall we take hold of truth and righteousness for our salvation in this tornado, or cling to the selfishness which created it? Truth has revealed the sandy foundations of our castle and pride. Shall we like simple children be content longer to play, or make believe we are men and women? Our schemes for self-aggrandizement have caused us to disregard the public good, and resulted in the dominion of our hopes. We have neglected the rules of the great Master Builder; despised the beautiful and harmonizing laws of truth and righteousness. And woe to us, if we will not heed the rod of correction in our youth, and continue to turn a deaf ear to the voice of truth.

The laboring classes are educated in part by their employers; our morals, as well as manners, are communicated. If we disregard their interest, in a convulsion brought on by our imprudence, do we teach them that Christian sympathy and self-sacrifice are the bonds which unite families and secure the highest welfare of society? Our example will be received, our preaching rejected.

Then who will heal the breach which our forgetfulness of God and humanity will cause? My dear friend, you know that I feel that women are great transgressors, and must be great sufferers as long as they believe in the tempter more than Christ.

They are the love-power on earth, and transmit their love to their children. By the homage which they pay to wealth and position, their sons and daughters are educated in the belief that affluence and success are stepping-stones to heaven, and become lovers of things instead of the spirit which renders them good. In their love of admiration they forget prudence, and too often sacrifice the beauty and honor of a virtuous woman for the name of a fashionable lady. Their children and servants are confused and corrupted by their love of show, and measure men by their circumstances instead of their characters. The ambition of husbands and fathers is goaded into new schemes for the accumulation of means to gratify the insatiable desire of their wives and daughters for show, and they are thus deprived of an opportunity to grow in manly virtues by the performance of their domestic and social duties. They have no time to develop their patriotism. Wife and children become their world, and such poor, contracted men dwindle in spirit as they gain in wealth. Thus the talents of men, which were given for the good of all, are diverted

(too often by woman's influence) from the God-appointed paths of usefulness, honor and true prosperity.

H. S.

Independent.

## MISSION WORK IN NEW HAVEN.

"As the subject of mission-schools is occupying not a little of the public attention, especially that of our cities, I venture to ask of you the insertion of the following statement in the *"Sunday-School Times."*

In the city of New Haven there is a locality, well known at least to its citizens, called the "Head of the Wharf." It is inhabited by a population of the lowest character, and filled with grog-shops and sailors' boarding-houses. Into these dens of iniquity the sailor, on his return from a voyage, was inevitably drawn and made the victim of the infamous arts of the rum-seller and his coadjutors. The thoughts of the community were, from time to time, turned towards this condition of things, and efforts were made to remedy it, but nothing systematical and therefore efficient was accomplished until the Young Men's Christian Union established a seamen's "Home" in this very locality, under the superintendence of Capt. A. W. Richardson. Previously, however, to the establishment of the "Home," the attention of a few benevolent Christian ladies and gentlemen had been attracted to the wants of the children frequenting that place and vicinity. Their hearts burned with anguish, when they beheld the thorough heathenism that prevailed among them. The physical destitution, though terrible, was nothing when compared with the spiritual desolation which called aloud for succor. On full consultation, therefore, they determined to attempt the formation of a Sunday-school. Under the same auspices as those under which the "Home" was afterwards established, a building, a miserable thing indeed, was secured for a Bethel, and in it, on the 21st of November, 1858, they made their first attempts to carry out their object. Seven individuals, four males, and three females, in the capacity of teachers, having elected Charles Linsley, Esq., their superintendent, met on that day; eight pupils, if such ragged dirty, shouting, whistling, fighting fellows could, in any sense, be called pupils. Order seemed to be out of the question. No regard for God's word or His name appeared ever to have entered their minds. Of course prayer was to them meaningless, and, therefore, treated as something extremely funny.

"What can be done with such elements," was a serious question, and but few could have answered it, excepting to say, "as far as I can see, nothing." The writer of this frankly confesses, that, to him, the task of reforming such a set of reprobates appeared perfectly hopeless. But see what wonders, nay, what miracles, love and kindness, and forbearance, and gentle reproof, and tender instruction can accomplish! The list of pupils now numbers fifty. The average attendance



is about thirty. They have been taught habits of order, quiet and obedience. When the word of God is read and prayer is offered, they are as attentive and silent as are the pupils of any of the Sabbath-schools in our churches. They have been taught the duty of cleanliness, decency, and abstinence not only from the use of intoxicating drinks, but tobacco, and it is wonderful to see how many have been reformed in these particulars. The active and energetic body of teachers, now numbering five males and fifteen females, see to the temporal necessities of the children as well as to the spiritual, endeavoring to have them decently clad, especially on the Sabbath; they visit the parents and try to interest them in this attempt to elevate the condition of their children. The parents themselves have thus, not unfrequently, been roused to a better life. Even a Bible-class has been formed, composed mostly of sailors, who meet weekly to study the word of God. The average attendance is about eight.

Now the great success which has attended this exceedingly-interesting movement in this city is, in my opinion, owing mainly, under Providence, to the untiring assiduity and unwearied patience of Mr. Linsley. He has been aided, it is true, by a devoted band of coadjutors, but when all other hearts well nigh failed, his never faltered; his tenderness never ceased to persuade and to encourage. I think it a privilege to be able to pay him this slight tribute of my regard.

T.

New Haven, Sept. 24th, 1860.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

REST.

"OH, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest."

HAST thou drank deep of worldly joys,  
And thought that thou wert truly blest,  
To find they were but glittering toys,  
And disappointed sigh for rest?

Hast thought thou hadst a friend most true,  
But when of friendship came the test,  
Thy friend was gone—thou wert alone,  
Didst thou then sadly yearn for rest?

Does all the earth seem drear to thee,  
Are trees and flowers in sadness drest,  
Because the idol of thy heart,  
Beneath them, in his grave doth rest?

Through the wide world, hast thou long sought  
Something to calm a troubled breast,  
Like Noah's dove, canst thou not find,  
A spot, on which thy feet may rest?

There's on rest here, away, away!  
Nothing to meet thy soul's request,  
Above, the olive branch is found,  
Below, there is no place of rest.

God mixed the bitter in thy cup,  
God made thy life with cares oppress,  
God took thy loved where angels dwell,  
That He might lead thee to thy rest.

Father in heaven—our God of love,  
Thou, who this sinful earth once prest,  
To soothe the sorrowing, save the lost,  
Give to the broken-hearted, rest.

C.

AN OLD-FASHIONED PRAYER MEETING.

THIS meeting was held in the city of Jerusalem, once the "joy of the whole earth," but now accursed and down-trodden by the unbelieving Turk.

It was held in a private dwelling, in an upper chamber, where a number of the disciples resided. Unbelief sometimes says there can be no good prayer meetings in certain localities for the want of convenient houses of worship. This is a mistake. God is not confined to churches. Some of the most remarkable meetings on record were held in the woods, in barns and in private dwellings. Indeed, the primitive Christians in times of bloody persecution, were sometimes wonderfully visited by the Spirit's outpouring at prayer meetings held in dark caverns of the earth.

The circumstances under which this meeting was held were of a very interesting and solemn character. Jesus had accomplished His wonderful mission. His eventful life, astonishing sufferings, tragic death, glorious resurrection, and triumphant ascension, were all fresh in the recollection of the disciples assembled. The commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," was bearing heavily upon the hearts. They were anxiously waiting for power from on high.

Of the persons assembled at the meeting we notice Mary, our dear Lord's mother, also Mary Magdalene, Peter, James, John, Simon, and in all about a hundred and twenty. That was a better turn out than we usually have in our largest city churches on prayer meeting occasions.

"But we are told that the disciples were 'ALL' there. That was a good omen. O, if all the members of a single church would fill their places at the prayer meeting, we would see changed times. But, alas, such meetings are but thinly attended.

And what is still better, they were all in perfect unity of spirit and purpose, were "all with one accord in one place." The little rivalries among the disciples had all been crushed out by the stupendous events which had so recently passed before their eyes; and they were humbled and oppressed by a glimpse of the grandeur of their commission. Heart to heart and soul to soul they met and prayed. O, for such "accord," such unity, such fellowship in our prayer meetings!

The Holy Ghost descended upon them, but before it, "came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind." This awe-inspiring miracle was intended, probably, to represent the power of that invisible Spirit, which, like the wind, can be heard and felt, but not seen, with which they were to be baptized. God frequently accompanies the outpouring of His Spirit with mysterious physical manifestation. "and there appeared unto him cloven tongues as of fire." "An appearance," says Hammond, "of something like flaming fire, (lambent flame), lighting on every one of them, which divided asunder and so formed the resemblance of tongues, with that part of them

that was next their heads divided or cloven.' "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." This was the happy consummation of the meeting.

O, for the recurrence of Pentecostal prayer meetings.

But, inquires a kind neighbor, may Christians now hope for the Spirit's baptism? Yes, for it has been experienced in all the great revivals that have occurred in every age of the world; and after me cometh one, said John, who shall "baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." "Be ye filled with the Spirit," is an apostolic command. Jesus declares that our Father in heaven is more willing "to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him" than are earthly parents to grant the reasonable requests of their children.

Friends of Christ, those are the most searching and lasting revivals that begin with the Spirit's outpouring upon a united, holy, praying church.—*Religious Telescope.*

EARLY MARRIAGE.

I AM a father, and feel an interest for my children. I am a citizen, and feel solicitous for the virtue and happiness of other men's children. Years of experience and observation enable me to speak with assurance upon the subject indicated above. The time was when young men sought their life companions at an earlier date than now, though perhaps with less anxiety about the means of living in style. The dictates of affection and of sound philosophy were heeded more than the mere conventionalities of society; the result of which was, the happiness and success of the married pair. I believe that God intended early marriages as a stimulus to mutual love, industry and economy, as well as a safeguard for individual and social virtue. Multitudes of the young men of the present time lose both moral purity and courage, in a vain, single-handed struggle to become wealthy, before they take to themselves a companion for life. Life's battle should not be fought, nor its achievements enjoyed alone. "Two are better than one." Adam was but a youth in years, when God said, "It is not good that man should be alone," and gave him "a help-meet for him." Let affection go out and rest upon a worthy object, when in the full strength of vigorous youth, and man becomes better qualified for every effort to secure the comforts and enjoyments of a united destiny. Besides, what fortunes are expended in preparing for supporting a wife! Better expend those fortunes in helping the wife to look after and care for the interests of these young men as husbands. Poverty is not necessarily a crime, nor is wealth necessary to conjugal happiness. One virtuous, industrious, married young man, is worth a dozen who are never going to marry until they have their thousands. For ten to one that both reputation and property will slip through their fingers, and themselves sleep in a premature grave. What has made many a man a hero in life's great fight, has been his duty of af-



fection and providence toward wife and children. Industry, intelligence, moral worth, and a warm reciprocation of affection, whether rich or poor, constitute the chief guarantee that married life will be a rich blessing. Let me say to young men: If you are out for yourself, and there is one in the sunshine of whose pure affection you can trust, who is true and willing to struggle with you, be not ashamed nor afraid to make your interests one, and look to a kind Providence to second your efforts for success in your calling. K.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### THE HIDDEN MANNA.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna. Rev. 2. 17.

In olden time, in the early morning, there was found lying all around upon the ground just after the dew had gone, something round and small and white as the hoar frost, the taste of it like wafers made with honey.

The children and the people cried, Manna? manna? What is this? What is this?

It is bread, bread from heaven, was the glad response, and they hastened to gather it before the sun should melt it away.

Morning after morning, the manna fell, a full supply for the multitude, till those children had become warriors, and entering a new country, did eat of the old corn of the land.

To him that overcometh God will give of the hidden manna. What is this? Where is this to be found? It must be bread, and from heaven, but hidden, unseen, then may we believe it, to satisfy the hunger of the spirit, to feed the immortal soul.

Does the man of the world know of it? As he drives his daily business and bears his burdens of care, does there come to him strength from on high, or for his secret hours, light, peace and joy? Does he feed on angel's food? No, verily he but grasps the golden apples that become ashes in his hand. Do the gay lovers of the song and the dance know where to find it, that they may eat and live forever? Ah! they search not for it in the gray morning, and when the sun is up it has gone back to heaven.

The children of Jesus alone can tell of the clefts of the rocks where lies this hidden manna, that satisfies every want of the soul, that delivers it from the unrest of sin and fills it with peace that passeth all understanding. They, presenting his own signet-ring, enter into the secret place of the Most High, call Him Father, and receive by the divine Spirit assurances of his love, faith in Jesus, love, joy, and the hope of eternal life.

When the way grows hard, the toils heavy, and thorns pierce the quick flesh, they faint not, they fall not, they have secret supplies, meat to eat the world knows not of. Yea, when clouds and darkness are round about the throne, and death has bereaved them, and they are bereaved, the

manna falls down into the depths of the stricken heart, unseen, unheard, save in the whispered prayer, "Thy will, oh God, be done. Oh, how blessed must those be who receive with every morning light such rich gifts from the Father above, by which they grow in grace and holiness and become more and more ready to dwell in glory forever.

Christian, is it thus with you? Knowing the secret places where the manna falls, do you diligently gather an omer every day according to your need? Or, beguiled by an earthly love and a wordly care, do you neglect to stretch forth your hand till the hunger and thirst has passed away and you are unblest?

Friend, would you gather this manna? Do you desire these hidden but perfect joys? Then seek Jesus, ask him where they may be found, become his friend and He will show you the new and living way; He will give you a white stone and in the stone a new name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it. N.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

In this world, where we are constantly associated with others, influencing them and being influenced by them, the idea of our personal, individual responsibility is not easily or often realized. And, in reading the Bible, we are more apt to dwell upon the general promises, threats and invitations than upon those which are addressed to us as individuals.

We speak of God's providence, in a general way, how He watches over all, caring even for the sparrows; but do we remember that the very hairs of our head are numbered, and that, as, in a large family, the father, loving and caring for all, provides for each in a different way, suited to their age, character and desires, so our Heavenly Father watches over us, giving to each what His infinite wisdom sees best adapted to our especial wants. The idea of our personal interest in and responsibility for the truths which we find in the Word of God is certainly a pleasant, yet a fearful one, and cannot fail to benefit us if we develop it more fully. As we meditate upon the atonement, let us remember that Christ had each of us in His mind, in the great plan of redemption; and that while He did indeed die for all, that they which live might not henceforth live unto themselves, yet the invitation is individual, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," and the promises also, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Sin is committed individually, although we may sin with others; they cannot share our guilt, or partake of our punishment. The sin is in our heart, the guilt is ours. Although Pilate and Caiaphas, Jewish rulers, and Roman soldiers joined hand in hand against our Saviour, yet each one was as guilty of His death, as if He alone had procured it.

Regeneration is also individual. The change is in the heart of each. Mere outward forms and ceremonies, conformity to the externals of a Christian life are nothing or worse than nothing. The kiss with which Judas greeted his Lord, was good as an outward act, but he was

a traitor at heart. God calls upon all men everywhere to repent, but we are each of us called as individually as if our names were written in the Bible. "My son, give me thine heart." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

We must die alone. Friends may be near us, loving hands may clasp ours and wipe the death damp from our brow, still we must pass *alone* through the dark valley. But if we have confessed Jesus before the world, if we truly love Him, we need not fear. His hand will guide us through the dark valley, His arm will sustain us in the hour of trial. May we each be able to say, when that hour comes, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

We must be judged alone: a more solemn thought than any we have yet dwelt upon. "Every one must give an account of himself to God." Although surrounded by the world, we shall stand alone, see but one face, hear but one voice.

When our Saviour was upon earth, it was told Mary, who sat mourning over her brother's death, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." Let us apply this to ourselves, "He calleth for thee." He knocks at each heart. Who will stay away, who dares refuse the invitation? ALICE BRYANT

### Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### "GOD REQUIRETH THE PAST."

A MOTHER wrote a story about her little daughter in which she represented her as making some unkind and rude remarks to her sister. Julia was a reader of the newspapers, and it did not escape her notice. The incident was a true one but it was one which she did not care to remember, much less did she like to see it in print.

"Oh! mother, mother," she exclaimed, "I do not think you are kind to write such stories about me. I do not like to have you publish it when I say anything naughty."

"How do you know it is you? It is not your name."

Julia then read the story aloud.

"It is I. I know it is I, mother. I shall be afraid of you if you write such stories about me, I shall not dare to speak before you."

Poor Julia was quite grieved that her mother should record the unpleasant and unsisterly words which fell from her lips. She did not like to have any memorial of her ill-nature preserved. Perhaps she would never have thought of those words again in this life; but had she ever read this passage of fearful import, the language of Jesus Christ; "But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Julia thought that the careless words which had passed her lips would be forgotten, but she should have known that every word and act of our lives



is to be recorded and brought to our remembrance.

I have known children to be very much interested, and to be influenced to make a great effort to do right by an account-book which was kept by their mothers. When such a book is kept at school, and every act is recorded, the pupils are much more likely to make an effort to perform the duties required of them. So it is in Sabbath-schools. I recently heard a Sabbath-school superintendent remark that the school could not be well-sustained unless accounts were kept of the attendance, &c. of the pupils.

We should not forget that an account-book is kept by God in which all the events of our lives are recorded, and that even every thought will be brought before us at the day of judgment. In that day God will judge the secrets of men; He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart.

There is another book spoken of in the Bible. The Book of Life, and it is said that no one can enter heaven whose name is not written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Remember, my child, that God requireth the past, and nothing which you say, or do, or think, is lost to Him.

MARY H.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

#### A WORD WITH THE BOYS.

Do you realize what it is to be a boy—walking with swift strides towards manhood in this day of the world's history? Do you realize what it is to be an American boy, or how great the demand just now for the best, strongest and noblest boy material, out of which to make men?

No doubt the word man is a concise embodiment of your ideal ambition. I presume there is not one among you whose heart does not beat with exultation, hope and longing as you look forward to manhood. But do you know how much the word man means? Do you know, or do you ever think what it ought to signify? It should be, it is, a great and noble, a strong and grand thing to be a true man, and live a true manly life in the nineteenth century of the world's history.

I want to ask you a few questions and make you a few suggestions touching the type of manhood you are pressing forward to attain.

And, first, let me inquire, do you know the meaning of that familiar adage, "The boy is father to the man?" Do you know it means that the manhood will be stamped with the features and characteristics that marked the boyhood?

What kind of boys are you, who with your mothers and sisters read the *Advocate*? Are you such manly boys that you give your friends no occasion to fear that you will ever become boyish men? Are you so subordinate to all legitimate authority now, that you give promise of becoming law-loving, law-abiding citizens by-and-by?

Are you honorable in your play and in

your dealings with your comrades, so honorable, that all who observe you, see sure tokens that as business men your honor will always be above suspicion? Do you know anything about self-control, are you learning and practicing self-denial? If not, I fear that manhood's years will be in subjection to your appetites and passions. No man is well developed and safe and strong, that does not know how to rule his own spirit, govern his appetites, and exercise in various ways, the royal virtue of self-control.

Are you truthful, so truthful that you would scorn to even act a lie? God says that He "desires truth in the inward parts." The world is full of deceit and dishonor, full of falseness and double dealing, but in its business, its politics, its public and private transactions and its social life. Untruthful, dishonest men come of untruthful and dishonest boys. If you cannot be true and honorable in the games and sports, as well as in the duties of the boy, how can we expect you to play fairly in the large games of business life? The boy is in this regard, emphatically father to the man.

I want to ask you further, if you are attentive and polite to your mothers and sisters? If you are not, I hope you do not expect to ever become real gentlemen, unless you change your habits. Some boys are polite and thoughtful of every young miss of their acquaintance but their sisters. To them they are rude and often unkind, and seem to think it is manly to affect indifference, and to treat them as if they considered them inferiors. Such habits persisted in, will never make gentlemen of you be assured; you may acquire some conventional habits as you grow older, which may enable you to pass for such among those who know you only superficially, but those whose lot it may be to dwell with you in the nearest and sweetest relationships of life, will know that it is a seeming, not a reality.

I want to ask you once more, if you belong to that class of boys who think it looks large and manly to have a cigar in hand or mouth, to look in occasionally at lager-beer saloons, to use vulgar and cant phrases, to almost sneer, when things do not go to suit you, or you are among boys who use profane language, to talk impurely, to pretend that neither your mother, nor any other woman can rule you, and to do so with that important and ridiculous swagger which boys so readily learn who do not learn true manly ways? Do you love the good things of the table, or the confectioner's shop better than you love intelligence and goodness, and are you so indolent that you suffer your mothers and sisters to wait on you, when you should be serving them? Are you cowards, either moral or physical, or both?

If you should answer me these questions in the affirmative, and with an appearance of glorying in such things, as if they helped to make you men, then I should feel a sad certainty that you were far off from the road to any such manhood as will confer honor upon

your own lives, or blessings upon the society in which you move.

Boys, do you know how short a step it is from experimenting in cigars, and looking in at saloons, and listening to and joining low, profane, or doubtful conversation, to that still lower round on the moral ladder, where the late hour of midnight shall find you in the gaming house, or in the midnight revel?

Do you realize how little removed is the impure word and the libidinous jest, from that unholy altar where so many who call themselves men, sacrifice their all for this life, their all for the endless future? Beware, I entreat you, of the first steps in impurity, for verily in that pathway are concealed hissing serpents and stinging scorpions.

Do you ever consider upon the intimate connection there is between the government of your temper, feelings, impulses, and appetites, and that self-control you will so much need, when temptation, like an uncaged lion, shall meet you in the highways of manhood, roaring for its prey?

If the grace of God should find you in after years and redeem you from the sins and follies of a mis-spent youth, you can yet never be what you might have been had the boy been in miniature, what the man should be, you will always carry scars and wounds, you will always limp and halt. I want you to think much of this, dear boys, and see that you build your manhood on a good solid foundation. You cannot come back in future years, and reconstruct your life. If it prove a failure you can only mourn over it and accept the consequences, and mournfully exclaim,

"It might have been, it might have been."

A thoroughly good and cultivated man, rich in mental and physical resources, fearing God and keeping His commandments, loving man and living to serve him—one whose very structure is founded in truth, integrity and all right principles, and whose life is adorned with the graces of social affections, cultivated tastes and manners, and a large intelligence—whose physical habits are all in subserviency to his higher nature—such an one, going forth to battle with wrong and achieve valiantly for the right, a strong one on whom the weak may lean, and in whom the defenseless may find succor—one answering to Job's description of himself in Job, 29th chapter, from the 11th verse to its close, is one of the grand, glorious and beautiful sights that inspire us with hope for the world and pride in our race. To such an one wide avenues of power and usefulness open in whatsoever direction he may turn. Such men constitute the strength and health of any nation.

Boys, is not such a manhood worth striving for? Will you make it each your individual ambition to attain to such a manhood? You must and will each decide in a great measure in your boyhood, what type the future man shall take on. Let your decisions be those over which angels may rejoice and earth be glad.

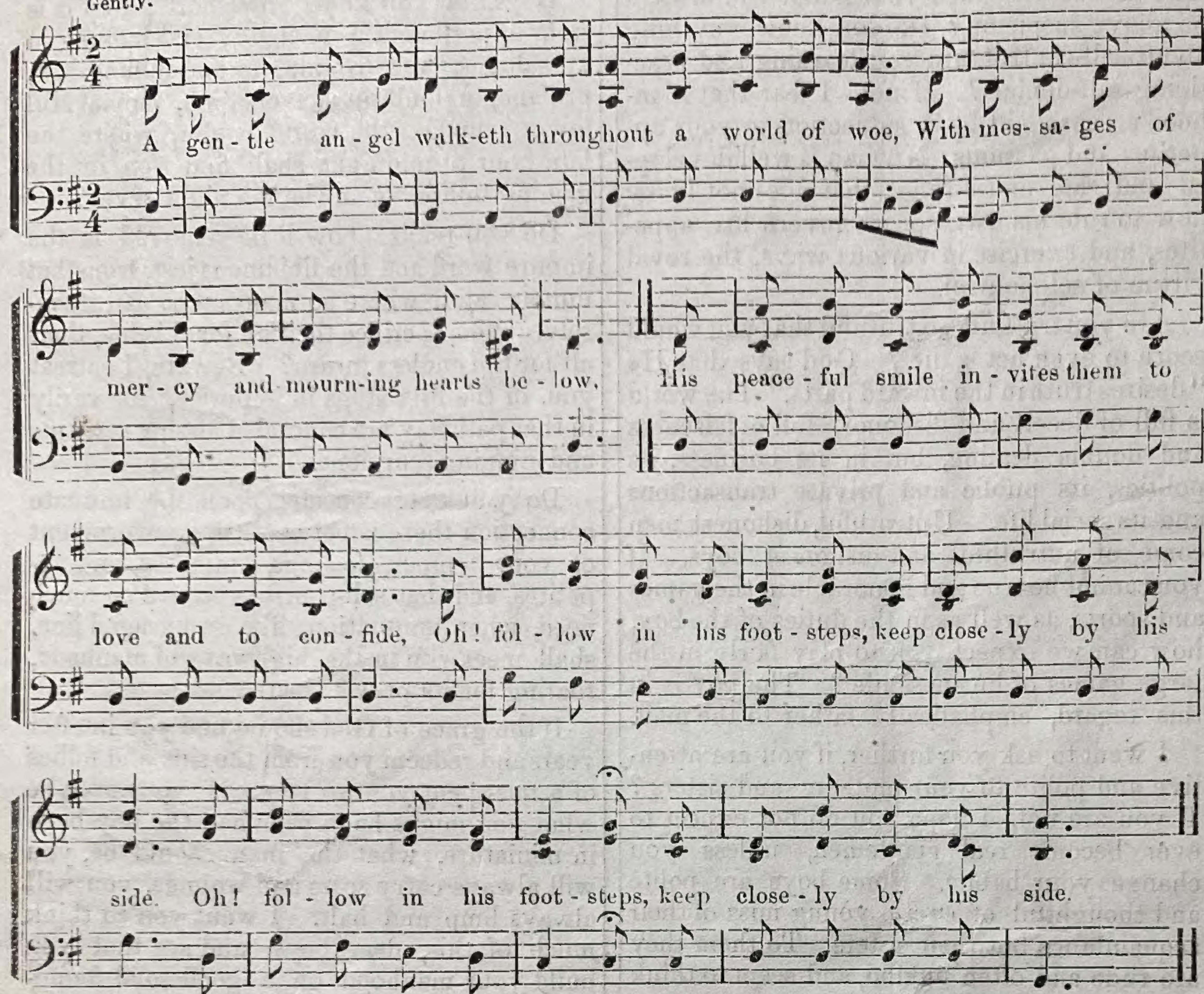
MELVA.



## THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.



So gently will He lead you through all the cloudy day,  
And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the pilgrim-way,  
His courage never-failing when time is almost gone,  
He takes thy weary burden and helps to bear it on,

To soft and tearful sadness He changes dumb despair,  
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief and care,  
Where midnight shades are brooding He pours the light of  
noon,  
And every grievous wound He heals, most surely, if not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, but bring the healing balm;  
He does not chide thy longings, but soothes them into calm,  
And when the heart is murmuring, and wildly asking why?  
He smiling beckons forward—points upward to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear,  
His watchword is, "Be patient, the journey's end is near."  
And ever through the toilsome way He tells of joys to come,  
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his home.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## MRS. MASON, OF BURMAH.

It is now no longer a fanciful thought that woman is an important co-worker with God in the salvation of the world. We have too many facts proving otherwise, to allow us to remain in ignorance of the necessity of labors in this hitherto proscribed field for the effusions of her warm, sanctified heart.

It seems that leading spirits of this kind, have been raised up in different parts of the earth, to stand at the head and beckon their sisters into the blessed work. Mrs. Palmer, of America, Miss Marsh and Mrs. Raynor, of England, and Mrs. Mason, of Burmah. The Holy Spirit has anointed each of these women for their separate and peculiar fields of usefulness, just as much are they called, as was Paul, for their different missions.

Mrs. Mason has long yearned in her heart, over the women of Burmah, and done what she could with her single efforts; the way for more extended and enlarged usefulness to her benighted sisters now opens before the vision of her spirit, also in the reality of greater ac-

cess than has ever been attained to the female population of those millions of souls. "You know," she says, "it is the women of Burmah who support idolatry." "Now, if the women of Burmah were to be converted, they would bring along with them at least two-thirds of the men, for in that country, woman has almost unbounded influence. She holds the purse, she does the trading and the gambling too."

The Burman calls his wife his "top-knot," meaning his glory, and no Moug, or Burman gentleman, would go to pay his respects to his superior without his wife. At the same time she is his slave. If a burden is to be borne she bears it, and if she displeases him, he beats her with his elbow as he would a child. Nevertheless, women, if not respected, are desired for their great usefulness and indeed actually bear rule over all Burmah. They are pretty, lively, attractive, and exceedingly shrewd, and it seems to me the Christian public have begun in that country on the wrong side. Let the women be converted to Christ, and Burmah is theirs.

The Bible Society translates the Bible in-

to the Burman, the men may read, and can think and believe; but they go home, their mistresses revile them, their sisters disown them, their mothers tear off their turbans, and their wives overturn the rice-pots, fling about the furniture, cast out their infants, and run away to marry other husbands. Now, how many of your countrymen would be able to stand up under all this persecution? A few years ago, I spent nearly the whole of one year in itinerating among the Burmese and Taling women of Maulmain. I visited about two hundred at their own houses, and some of them repeatedly. I found them often very uncivil, and was repeatedly ordered away, yet in almost every instance God gave me, in the end, to find a listening ear and a softened heart. But I was much struck with the reply from every one, when I asked if the native preacher or colporteur had not spoken to them, "Oh, yes, but they talk man-talk, and we are women; we don't understand."

I found the same thing in Toungoo. Sometimes when I had sat with the women, who came to me, until too hoarse to speak longer, I would call Moug Shwa Moug, the Burman assistant, and get him to speak with the women. They sat respectfully and listened, but there was no sparkling of the eye, no opening of the lips, no bending towards the speaker, no striking of the chest—nothing to indicate emotion, only a mute stare; and when I questioned them, the answer was, "Oh, Moug knows every thing, he is like Mount Meru, very high, but he can't talk woman-talk; we don't understand!" I assure you my heart ached at such times beyond expression.

Now I am anxious to spend two years among the Burmese and Shau women of Toungoo, I cannot do so without help. Perhaps you already know something of the wonderful power of God in Toungoo. The establishment of the Karen Female Institution, self-supporting, directed and carried on entirely by Karen chiefs themselves. I do regard this as one living, continuous miracle, as great as any our Lord performed in Galilee, &c. He has walked over the hills of Toungoo, stilled the sea of passion, cast out demons and raised the dead to life. Those very chiefs who now support this school, were six years ago notorious kidnappers and murderers! It is the Bible that has changed them, and they know it, they are now in earnest to send Bible-readers and teachers to the "heathen beyond;" and this is the cause of their interest in these two schools for young men and young women.

I am thankful to say I have now twelve young women, all Bible-readers, in the mountains of Toungoo, supported entirely by these chiefs for the purpose of reading and explaining the Scriptures to heathen women and children."

The object of Mrs. Mason's return to her native country now, is to enlist Christian sympathy to sustain the enlargement of her work among the Shaus and Khyens; we



believe she desires some female laborers also to go with her, who are willing to count the cost, and give themselves heartily to the work. The English have indeed given her most substantial aid in the work she has already done in establishing these schools.

For the Advocate and Guardian.  
**ONCE MORE.**

BY RUTH RUSTIC.

ONCE more to clasp the kindly hand,  
Once more to meet those eyes,  
Once more to list those gentle tones,  
My heart had learned to prize.

Once more to press those lips of love,  
That dear remembered brow!  
Thus prayed I on a bed of pain;  
The boon is granted now.

And, oh! methinks if sweet to meet  
Where partings rive the heart,  
And love scarce breathes her-greeting words  
Ere farewell tears must start.

How sweet, my heart, when I have reached  
The blissful, shining shore,  
Where I shall be with my beloved  
Once more and ever more!

## Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, FEB. 15, 1861.

### A CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENSE.

ALREADY several thousand of our readers have come to sustain the relation of foster-parents and guardians, to the children of the Home. Not a few have discharged the duties involved in this relation, and those on whom their training has left its impress both for this life and that which is to come, are now filling the sphere of manhood or womanhood, and making their mark for good or for evil. The circle embracing those who sustain the above-named relations is steadily widening.

Not only the Home, but kindred institutions all abroad, have sent their quota to foster-homes from time to time, thus swelling the list of guardians of the homeless to a large aggregate. May we not ask, do each and all discharge this sacred trust, striving ever to preserve a conscience void of offense?

The Managers of this Institution are anxious to obtain desirable and permanent homes for all the children committed to their care, hence applicants for these needy ones, bringing proper testimonials, are always welcome. Most of them must in the nature of the case be strangers, and the decision to grant their requests must be made mainly upon the recommendation of those whose per-

sonal knowledge enables them to vouch for their moral fitness, etc. To scan the motives, purposes and competence of all who take these children, so as to make no mistakes, would require more than human skill.

The management of an institution where daily decisions may affect some immortal destiny—far down the ages writes many heart-histories all unread.

A page, copied from a private journal, giving expression to the sense of responsibility felt in a single case, may illustrate.

"Found it necessary to decide to-day between two applications for E. M. an orphan girl of eleven, entrusted to us by a dying mother, with the solemn charge prompted by a mother's tenderest love. Being past the years of earliest childhood, she was to be committed to guardians instead of foster-parents. There had been the usual consultation and counsel, and the testimonials in the case of each applicant were alike satisfactory. We sought Divine guidance, and endeavored to judge wisely. Still we may have erred in the choice of places, and our error in judgment may affect the well-being of this precious child through all time. She is naturally affectionate and confiding. Deprived early of parental and fraternal love, she clings fondly to those who show her kindness. Is it possible that her innocent face and gentle manners, her utter dependence upon the protection of her guardians shall ever so expose her to the shafts of the spoiler, that she shall become the victim of circumstances?"

"May we hope and expect that all the safeguards will be thrown about her continually, as she advances toward womanhood, that we would have placed around our own beloved children? Will the united head of the family to whom she is intrusted so instruct, admonish and shield her, that 'forewarned, she shall be forearmed,' and led to 'avoid even the appearance of evil.' Painful developments, where there was reason to expect only veracity and honor, give cause occasionally for solicitude in this direction, and waken the mental aspiration, 'O! that we could in all cases surround the young and friendless with a pure moral atmosphere.' Frail child of early sorrow, may the Word of God be the guide of thy youth, His grace thy safe-guard, and may those who are henceforth to train thee to virtue and usefulness so fulfil their part, as to find cause for joy instead of regret in the review at the judgment."

Such are among the themes of thought that often in the night watches banish sleep from those concerned in these important transactions.

True, moral dangers are everywhere found, among all ranks and conditions of society, but the class for whom we labor, owing to

their early antecedents and surroundings, and the wrong public sentiment that formerly prevailed, consigning so many thus situated to moral neglect—need more especial protection than otherwise. There is an imperative necessity that they should be taught at the right time, and in the right way the meaning of the precept, "Keep thyself pure," that they should be guarded sedulously from evil example, and a just impression fixed indelibly upon their young minds, of the great sin, danger and moral ruin attendant upon impure thoughts, words and actions.

Do all who have become measurably responsible for the welfare of the orphan and the fatherless, study to keep a conscience void of offense in this regard. Are these children preserved as carefully as possible from all associates or associations that may cast a blight upon their virtue, mar their truthfulness, and the strict sense of right and wrong that all should cherish.

We rejoice in the hope and belief that the large majority of guardians and foster-parents all abroad may not only have a conscience void of offense, but the consciousness of long-continued, benevolent, personal effort, prompted by an unselfish love, and a spirit of obedience to the command, "Feed my lambs." To such surely grateful thanks are due from all the friends of this charity.

But if there are any whose pure minds need to be stirred up to a sense of their voluntary responsibility, we may remind them, in all fidelity, that only in keeping a conscience void of offense by the careful discharge of known duty in these relations, may they save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins.

"Art thou faithful? then oppose,  
Sin and wrong with all thy might,  
Care not how the tempest blows,  
Only care to do the right."

### LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE EMANCIPATION OF TWENTY  
MILLION SERFS IN RUSSIA.

THE morning breaks, a morn of joy to millions now made free,  
A morn to be remembered long by millions yet to be;  
The Russian serf has doffed his chains, and stands erect, a man,  
In freedom's cause the work goes on, and Russia leads the van!

On manly cheeks are tears of joy, new light on manhood's brow,  
While woman's thoughts of grateful praise and prayer are offered now,  
The laughter-loving little ones, the innocents, are free,  
The brand of serfdom on their brows is never more to be.



Those hardy sons inured to toil, if formed in triple line  
Would show a phalanx of the free from Moscow to the Rhine,  
Taught Freedom's birthright to improve, to win its noblest  
aims,  
What influence may their future give to Russia's moral  
claims?

The world beholds, applauds, admires, philanthropy grows  
strong,  
And seers proclaim that, "Freedom's reign shall fill the  
earth ere long,"  
Britannia's shores repeat the song, Italia's the refrain,  
And angels, in their home of love, lend voices to the strain.

On Russia's plains no deadly strife, no weapons stained with  
blood,  
No sund'ring of fraternal ties, have wrought this social  
good,  
Justice and right have won the day alone by moral power,  
Right reason has the triumph sealed, and mind has ruled the  
hour.

And shall ten million souls twice told, by Russia's voice be  
free,  
While this blest land the chains reforge, for millions yet to  
be?  
America, amid whose stars the Eagle proudly waves,  
Shall she remain the only land to be the home of slaves?

"Four millions slaves" within whose veins, pure Afric  
blood alone,  
Has ceased to flow, as all may know, who seek a southern  
zone—  
Are these to spread o'er virgin soil, the slave ship speed its  
way,  
With middle-passage horrors rife, and none its course to  
stay?

And dare abettors to this wrong, with fixed and steady will,  
United, drilled, with sword in hand, while they extend it  
still,  
Cherish the hope that through the strife, God will their  
cause maintain!  
Like Pharaoh's hosts amid the flood, shall they not find it  
vain?

Let prayer ascend from Christian hearts, wherever such  
may be,  
That men may turn to peaceful means, to "let the oppressed  
go free,"

That in this goodly land of ours, so blest, so loved, so bright,  
The Upas Tree so long its bane, no more may spread its  
blight.

#### PASSING AWAY.

"O, WHAT is death? 'Tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more,  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
And life is all re-touched again,  
Where in their bright results shall rise  
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys."

MRS. E. M. VERPLANCK, a life-member of the  
A. F. G. Society, and an early and earnest  
friend to our work, departed this life, at  
Rondout, N. Y., Jan. 26th, in the seventy-  
sixth year of her age. For many years  
she was a frequent contributor to our  
columns and our treasury, and early set the  
example of becoming a mother to the  
motherless. Her mental attainments as a  
linguist, and in other branches of knowledge,  
were superior, and she was also endowed  
with earthly possessions, enlarging her  
sphere of usefulness, all of which were con-  
secrated talents. Believing it wise to be-  
come mainly her own executor, she was  
ever ready to aid worthy objects, as their

claims became known. One on whom her  
gifts were liberally bestowed during a life of  
helpless suffering, was the sainted Miss  
Wigton, the well-known correspondent of  
J. B. Taylor, a truly kindred spirit, who  
may perhaps have been the first to welcome  
her on the shores of the New Jerusalem.

She was truly a friend to the poor, when  
the ear heard her, then it blessed her. She  
became the guardian of three needy children,  
who at different periods were members of  
her household, and for whose souls she had  
labored as one who must give account.

One of these, now a promising youth, was  
removed from her immediate care in boy-  
hood, owing to a change in the relations of  
the family to which he belonged. She  
had become attached to him devotedly, still  
kept him fresh in memory and desired his  
salvation inexpressibly. He was early made  
acquainted with the fact that a bequest made  
in her will, in his favor, was to be given him  
by her executors, only on the condition that  
he grew to manhood wholly free from certain  
habits, such as smoking, chewing, drinking,  
profanity, idleness, frequenting low company,  
etc. It was a solace in her last days that  
thus far this dear youth had respected her  
wishes, and resisted every inducement to  
degrade his coming manhood by sinful  
habits, more easily avoided than corrected;  
also to know that the conditions of her will  
had been to him a safeguard in the hour of  
danger.

May this example and its results prove a  
timely suggestion to those who have the  
responsibility of making similar bequests.  
Too many moral wrecks float on the tide  
of time, bearing testimony that youthful ex-  
pectants of paternal estates, often need some  
more effective stimulant, to make them self-  
reliant, efficient and worthy of trust.

Owing to physical causes, the spiritual  
vision of our departed friend was at times  
beclouded, as her evening sun neared its  
horizon, but her long life of consistent piety  
gave the best possible evidence that her treas-  
ure was laid up in heaven. The last change  
came unexpectedly both to herself and  
friends; she had sought her couch, as usual,  
for a brief season of rest, and was lying uncon-  
sciously in a quiet repose,

"Life, so sweetly ceased to be,  
It lapsed in immortality."

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,  
from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that  
they may rest from their labors, and their  
works do follow them."

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

In July last we received a paper, purport-  
ing to have come from across the water, giv-  
ing an interesting sketch of the life and labors  
of Miss Florence Nightingale, referring also  
to her long illness and departure to the better  
world. Its statements being deemed reliable  
and specially adapted to interest many of our  
readers, to whom her name is as a household  
word, it was published in the *Advocate* of  
Aug. 1st, giving credit to the *Journal* from  
which the article was copied.

The reference to Miss N.'s decease elicited  
numerous inquiries, the impression seem-  
ing to be quite general that she was  
still living. Our efforts to ascertain the  
facts, have been unavailing until recently.  
The following items have appeared in the city  
papers.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—The health of this  
estimable lady, which was some weeks ago so bad  
as to excite the worst apprehension of her friends,  
has improved during her quiet retreat in one of the  
suburban districts of London. Although still a  
great invalid, Miss Nightingale is able to bear  
carriage exercise even at this inclement season of  
the year."

"In communicating intelligence at the 'Month-  
ly Concert,' in the Madison-square Presbyterian  
Church, the pastor incidentally noticed a letter  
which he had just received from the father of  
'Florence Nightingale,' wherein it was stated that  
this noble woman was still suffering from the effects  
of her severe experience in the military hospital at  
Scutari, but was actively engaged in literary efforts.  
The father remarks that 'even to the last, she will  
be found pen in hand.'"

This intelligence makes it evident that the  
author of the beautiful sketch in the *Advocate*  
of Aug. 1st had been misinformed relative to  
Miss N.'s death. Other particulars were  
doubtless correct, we refer to the matter to  
undo an error, for which the writer was not  
probably responsible.

May a kind Providence long spare to the  
world one whose mission has been so self-  
sacrificing and eminently useful, or if remov-  
ed early to the rest that remains, cause her  
mantle to fall on others, whose services may  
be equally needed in time to come.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADES.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A BIBLE-READER.

Nov. 22, 1860. Visited a family of Irish Ro-  
manists, living in the upper story of a tenement  
house. They seemed surprised that I was not  
a Tract or S. S. visitor, and after a few mo-  
ments' conversation, the mother, with evident  
curiosity, inquired the object of my call. For  
this she received a sharp reproof from her hus-  
band, but the explanation desired being prompt-



ly made, they expressed no opposition. Endeavored to persuade them to read their own version of the Scriptures, of which they said they owned a copy. Reminded them of their duties and responsibilities as parents having in charge immortal souls, and their need of aid from the Word of God.

24th. Visited again the family who had received me at first, with so much suspicion. They now spoke kindly, invited another call, and have since received a small reading book for children, containing easy lessons in Bible truths, for the use of one of their little ones. They are bigoted Romanists, and this small means of influencing them may prepare the way for more direct instructions.

A Jewish family by somewhat singular providences was brought to my notice. They are owners of the house in which they with many others reside. Their only children were two bright, handsome boys, six and nine years of age. The mother proposed their attendance at Sabbath-school as a means of passing time, and believing that they were "too young to be influenced by anything they might hear." Leaving this error without remark, she was distinctly informed that the New Testament was used as freely as the Old, in Sabbath-school instruction. The children received the news of the arrangement with evident delight, and it was decided that they should go the next Sabbath morning. The heart warms at the thought of the now hopeful prospects of these dear children, who are kindred of our Lord and Saviour in a sense in which we are not, and can never be. The special promise, "Blessed is he that blesseth thee," is as fresh and precious as when anciently given, and should encourage every possible effort for the covenant people, who are still "beloved for the fathers' sake." May these bright young faces early become radiant with love to the true and glorious Messiah, theirs and ours.

In the same house found an aged widow, residing with her daughter and grand-daughter, sickness and sorrow had long been their allotments, and the toils and griefs of life seemed to be a weary burden. They had been communicants in a Methodist church, but owing to changes of place, and other circumstances, have discontinued attendance in great measure. They have a sewing-machine, obtained through the agency of the "Home," for which they have paid in part. They seemed industrious, and very grateful to meet with a Christian visitor. We read from John 14th, sang a hymn, and offered prayer, to which they responded with tearful interest. The little girl promised to commit to memory the hymn, "Just as I am," to be repeated at the next visit. In endeavoring to persuade these and others to the practice of daily family worship, have felt the need of a manual of brief Scriptural prayers, expressly

adapted to this object, which might be employed as a beginning. May the Holy Spirit grant special direction in relation to this important subject.

Nov. 26. Visited an Irish family consisting of parents and six children. The only daughter, twelve years of age, had scarcely attended school, since coming to this country, eight years ago. The mother promised that with the father's consent, she should go immediately to Home Industrial School No. 2. They had never owned a Bible. A neighbor was present, and several of the sons, one nearly grown up. They listened quietly to the reading of two selections from the Testament. Hope to induce them to receive and read the Bible.

Went in search of a very intemperate woman of whom I had heard something. Found her, after much inquiry, in a small shanty, where she resides with another widow, and their four children. She seemed sober, but the traces of her sad habit were plainly visible. She possessed an unusual degree of information, was a Sabbath-school teacher in her native Ireland, and has a brother, an Episcopal clergyman, who had visited this country. She has two children with her, the others having been removed, and placed under the care of a benevolent institution. She wept much when speaking of her absent ones, and received very gratefully the assurance that inquiry should be made respecting them, and the long silence broken, if possible, by some communication. She has since received good news from them, and has herself received a Bible, and attended several times our weekly prayer-meeting for poor women and children.

Visited several German families, very intelligent and sprightly in manners. The little children grouped around me, and interpreted for their parents. Two of these families owned Bibles without note or comment, brought from their own country. They cheerfully accepted tracts in their own language. My heart is much drawn towards Romanists of any class. To benefit them, a visitor needs to be "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove." But Christ is all to every one that believeth; and there is no occasion for any discouragement.

Nov. 28. Visited an Irish family. A son, twenty years of age, had been confined to his bed for three weeks, and was not yet able to sit up. They listened with attention to the story of the love of Christ toward sinners, and to the singing of two hymns, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and "Rest for the weary." They had never owned a Bible, and seemed to have little, if any knowledge of its saving truths. Promised to call again and read to them some of the "beautiful Scripture histories."

Nov. 30. Went at 2 o'clock to the rooms of the Ladies' Union Missionary Association in a neighboring city. They have a plain, but con-

venient building erected for their use, two years since, at a cost of eight thousand five hundred dollars. An Industrial School is held here, having in daily attendance from sixty to ninety children. They are instructed in the truths of Christianity, in the elements of an English education, and in making their own clothing. They are furnished each day with a warm dinner. The building contains a spacious school-room, dining-room, kitchen, bath-room, matron's and teachers' rooms on the first floor, and the room above is appropriately furnished, and used as a place of Sabbath meetings for the poor, conducted by a missionary of the city. The expenses are met by monthly subscriptions, collected from persons residing in the vicinity, who contribute any sum which they please towards the object, the collections being made by the lady managers themselves. By means of a system of thorough visitation among the families represented in the school, and others, great good has been accomplished. This effort was commenced, four years since, by a lady friend and correspondent of Mrs. Renyard, of London, authoress of "the Missing Link," and works of similar interest. The beginning was very small and feeble, and amid circumstances of peculiar discouragement. The managers, being rich in faith, and venturing forward in simple trust, have found richly fulfilled the divine promise, "Call unto me, and I will show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

A considerable number of these visited continue to give good evidence of conversion to Christ, and some of these were raised from a low state of vice and degradation. A prayer-meeting for poor women and children is held in the school-room on Friday afternoon of each week. At this some one of the managers presides, and all present are encouraged to offer requests, to lead in prayer, or take part in any way as they may desire. These meetings have been greatly blessed with the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

It is designed to furnish occasionally a social supper to which a free invitation is given. One of these followed the prayer-meeting of this day, the utmost order and decorum prevailed. Owing to the state of the weather but forty-five poor women were present. On a previous occasion, sixty had partaken together of the refreshments bountifully provided by donations. Some of the ladies sat at the table and shared its provisions, others passed the tea and coffee, and attended to every want with graceful ease, and true Christian courtesy, in obedience to Him who said, "I have left you an example," and "he that will be greatest among you, let him be your servant, for the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Precious souls have been redeemed, and



many wretched families made comfortable during these few years, while the managers, animated with gratitude, love and hope, are still pleading the promise, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

#### HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR DECEMBER.

Concluded.

*Wednesday, Dec. 19th.* The hall this morning was crowded with applicants who were relieved to the best of our abilities, but alas! amid the garments in the Dorcas Room, not a single woman's dress could be obtained; and yet there were so many to whom it would have been a most welcome gift. It has been impossible, amid the varied calls of the week, to keep anything like a regular journal of the cases presented to our notice, but it seems to us there is a larger, far larger proportion than usual of American applicants. The sister of the widow alluded to in the beginning of our report, sought us in hopes we could procure work for herself likewise. She, too, was a widow with two little children, one of whom was boarded out with a relative in Jersey, and the other, an engaging little boy, was with her. She brought good references, and seemed far more desirous of work than of aid in any other form. Yet we knew that she herself needed some warmer clothing in order to be fitted to go out daily to work, even if we could procure her some sewing, and we sighed to think we had none to offer. We promised her a day's sewing, and hope, if found competent, to put her gradually in the way of procuring more.

Noticing a delicate little woman with a retiring manner and timid look, conducting a visitor through the Institution, we left the lady for a few moments listening to the songs of our Industrial School children, and turned back to question the poor applicant. Her husband, she said, was a clerk in a dry-goods store, but his sickness and the wants of three little children had exhausted their means, and for the first time in her life she had come to ask relief. We scarcely needed the note she bore, to testify to her character, and made up a bundle of children's clothing and a quilt, sighing again that we could add nothing suitable for herself. We then conducted our visitor through the Institution, and was much gratified by her evident approbation of all she saw. Particularly did she seem pleased when passing through the kitchen to the children's eating room; she marked the long tables lined on each side with plates upon which was placed the comfortable warm dinner, and alongside of which lay the clean, smoothly-cut piece of bread. She could readily imagine that the children just about to descend, would enjoy their noonday meal. The lady seemed a most cordial lover of children, and we wished she could have been with us a short time before

when passing through the nursery, to have witnessed with us one of the Home's most touching sights—the departure of a little one to the home of her adopted parents. The little creature had just been washed and was half-dressed as we entered. Her white neck and shoulders were bare, and the fair young face wore that look, half-patient, half-trustful, which we see frequently on the countenances of those who have early known the trials of life. Beside her stood a little one nearly her own age, gazing with childish interest as the attiring process went on. They were sisters, and the nurse told us, much attached to each other. We could not but regret the imperfections attending all our efforts to do good, and wish that some kind neighbor might be led to take the young sister, even if the same household might never receive them both. We left the nursery half-glad, half-saddened. Passing soon after again through the hall, we encountered a member of our board accompanying a lady through the Institution. We paused for a moment, and were introduced with the remark "Mrs. D. is one of our Home children." Returned, we presumed, in gladness to visit the spot which had sheltered her earlier years. We thought of our little departing one, and prayed that as happy a result might attend the efforts made in her behalf.

*Friday, Dec. 21st.* There was a time when poverty seemed to us the great evil of the poor, the chief hindrance to their happiness and social elevation. But the more we see of them, the more deeply do we feel this is not always, perhaps not generally so. Their great want is that of religion as a guiding principle in life. Even among those who have some reverence for its teachings, some heart-recognition that it is a good and holy thing, there is such an inadequate conception of its rules for conduct in every-day life, that it can scarcely be called "the guide of their feet." No wonder, therefore, that they often err, and bring much of trouble upon themselves by their own imprudence. But if this be so, in the case of the few who recognize somewhat the obligations of religion, how unguided and hopeless is the case of those who scarcely ever seem to feel themselves linked with any Christian Institution. Again and again, as we ask the question, "What church do you attend?" and find that a church-door is rarely, if ever entered, do we realize that no one could be so utterly friendless if attending regularly in any Protestant place of worship. Faintly as the tie of Christian unity is felt, it would still operate to waken something of interest, to draw out something of sympathy for every suffering one. We strove to communicate this idea to-day to a young English woman who sought our aid for two young children, and a husband out of employ. Her own situation called for tenderest sympathy, and as we in-

quired concerning her prospects in the approaching time of woman's trial, the faltering tone, the big tears slowly gathering in her eyes, went to our heart. She seemed to know no one who could aid her, or take an interest in her case; and when we spoke of her clergyman, she named the one who had married her as the only one she knew, and even that in such a manner as to make us doubt as to whether she had ever seen him since. There were no traces of gross immorality about her, but "without God in the world," was the thought that passed through our minds, oh! how sadly. Blest Redeemer, draw, oh! draw earth's suffering children to Thyself, and make Thyself known to them as "a very present help in trouble." We ventured to indulge a faint hope that the thought of the church as a place of shelter and of comfort might have entered her mind, even if its higher blessedness as a tie to link her to Christ, did not mingle in the thought. From some words which dropped from her on another visit, she seemed to have made it a subject of conversation with her husband, and we hope that some thought of a better life may have entered their minds.

*Wednesday, Dec. 26th.* Among the bundles made up to-day was one for the American widow mentioned in a previous page, as we were enabled to procure work for her, we had not at once aided her with clothing, because we wished to become more perfectly familiar with her character and wants. Now, however, that her industry and character had been tested, we felt happy to make up a bundle for herself and little boy, which we knew was much needed, and which we hoped would render them more comfortable during the coming winter.

A poor woman called with twins, only a few months old, both of whom she had wished to give up to the Home. It had not been deemed expedient to receive them, but she made another call in hopes of having one received. It seemed to us that her duty was plain, that she ought to avail herself of the benefit of public charities for the winter, and take care of her infants till their age rendered them more fit to be weaned. Then, we told her if she brought them to the Institution, her application would no doubt be more favorably received. This evidently did not suit her views, and her manner manifested much discontent, but as we could offer her nothing more satisfactory, she at last departed.

And thus we close the round of the year—a year, how full of mercy—a year for which most assuredly each member of our Institution feels that humble and hearty thanks should be rendered to Him whose goodness and mercy has followed us to its close. Much of darkness—much of doubt hangs over the future—but "experience worketh hope," and certainly



such experience as we have had should do so. Resting upon God we will strive not to fear - but casting our care on Him, go forth to life's daily duties, not knowing what shall befall us on the morrow, but trusting that He who never leaves - never forsakes His people, will give to each and all of us, wisdom and strength according to our day.

STATISTICS FOR DECEMBER.

No of adults admitted, 18; dismissed, 18; remaining, 43; children admitted, 26; dismissed, 22; boarding, 2; deceased, 2; remaining, 115; total, 158.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*Editress of Advocate and Guardian*,—I write you a note to inform you that one who has been for many years a subscriber for your excellent paper is no longer an inhabitant of this world. My mother, Mrs. Nancy M. Quick, was suddenly called to her home above, on the 27th of August last. She was taken with a fit of apoplexy, and died about forty minutes from the first symptom. She had frequently spoken of her death during the summer, seeming to expect it, as she had two or three slight attacks during the spring of the same disease. But death had no terrors to her. She lived a true Christian, and seemed only waiting for the summons to call her home. Though our home is thus left desolate, yet we know she is free from pain and sorrow, and we cannot wish her back. I find the volume of the *Advocate* as far back as 1840, and I think she has been a constant subscriber ever since that time. You will please continue to send the paper to her address for the remainder of the year, which closes, I think, May 15th, 1861. We would be happy to have you notice her death in the paper, which has so long been a welcome messenger in our family circle.

Yours, truly,

C. P. QUICK.

*Birmingham, Mich.*

The above should have appeared in connection with the lines on page 327 of last volume. See Nov. 1.

The following letter, written by a foster-mother to a parent too feeble to retain the charge of her child, breathes the sweet spirit of genuine benevolence. — [Ed.]

*Dear Mrs. Barnes*,—I have just written a letter to the Home in regard to your (now *our*) little Anna, and thought it would be a comfort to you to receive one too, even though you cannot read it yourself. I trust some kind friend will, with pleasure, read it to you. She has been with us since the 12th of March, and is as happy as a child can be. She often speaks of you, calling you her "other mother." She often sits in my lap and sings the little hymns

and tunes you taught her. She has learned many more which she loves to sing.

We have little talks about you and her other friends frequently. She will always remember you with pleasure, and far be it from me to wish to blot your memory from her infantile mind, were it in my power.

She is much pleased that I am writing you a letter, and says, "Tell my other mother that I have got lots of nice things, and that she must come on the cars to see me." We love her dearly, and our love seems fully returned. She says she loves her pa a whole world full, because he is such a good man. She thinks "it real nice to live in the country, where they have such big houses and lots of rooms, and such nice yards to play in." She goes to school every day, and the teacher says that the girls love her very much. She attends church and Sabbath-school regularly, and recites her lesson the best of the class. She has learned to knit, and is piecing a bed-quilt.

She asked me one day what I took her for. I told her that my little daughter was dead, and that I wanted her for my daughter. After a while she said, "Ma, daughter is a pretty name, isn't it?" Her little brother is very proud of her, and says he doesn't think there are anymore such nice little girls at the Home as Anna is. He often stands beside her to show people how much taller he is, though she is nearly seven months older than he is. She is very fond of new milk, for, as she says, "it is so good."

She says she did not want to go to the Home at first, but she is glad now that she did. I asked why she was glad. She said she would not have come here if she had not. One day, at the dinner-table, I told her if she did not eat more she would not grow large. She replied that she did not want to grow big, for she could not sit in my lap then. Anna stands by me, saying, "Tell her that I have got pictures and every nice thing here, and tell her that I have got kind friends." She reads with us in the Bible at morning prayers, and says when she can write good enough she is going to write you a letter.

I pray God to supply all your wants in this life, and at last take you to that blessed land where we shall all see eye to eye.

ANNA'S FOSTER-MOTHER.

A VOICE FROM THE MINISTRY.—It is now but a few months since I became acquainted with your society and understood its objects. But to ascertain these objects, together with your wise and efficient method of realizing them, was to sympathize with your society in what you are doing, and to cherish a disposition to assist you according to my ability. Others here have longer been acquainted with it. They take your paper, and are becoming more and more interested in the success of your

society's laudable efforts, as the extent of their acquaintance increases. The number of those who feel so interested is also here increasing.

Love for the cause in which you are laboring has prompted several of us to contribute our mite towards removing the debt now resting upon the society. To show you the interest felt, I will mention that a bright little boy brought seventy-five cents to the lady who received the money given. He had been earning some money, and he said to this lady that he told his mother "if she would give fifty cents he would give twenty-five to the Home." Such a boy's benevolence deserves praise and is worthy of imitation. "Little Holly," whose name has been published for the last few years as a donor in your list of "Acknowledgments," also gives with us, at this time, his fifty cents. We inclose to you twelve dollars and thirty-six cents, and are expecting to make another donation in some form before a great while. Praying for the continued and increased usefulness of your society, we send also our best wishes.

Yours, truly,

A. PARSONS.

P. S.—As you are desirous to hear from all ministers who take your paper, I would say that I have been taking it a month or so now, free of charge, and do not know to whom to acknowledge my indebtedness for it, unless to Mrs. R. D. Lathrop, one of your excellent co-workers, who visited these springs last summer.

A. P.

*Richfield Springs.*

*Dear Advocate and Guardian*,—It may interest you and your readers to learn that some efforts have been made by the young ladies and misses of Three Rivers, to promote your good cause. One of them has procured, at my suggestion, ten subscribers, and your frequent visits are welcomed, and creating more interest in your noble work. We have had a circle of happy and busy workers at our house on Saturday afternoons. They have filled a well-packed trunk of useful articles, and sent them to the "Home."

While they have thus been trying to send a little gleam of joy into some sorrowing hearts, they have had a pleasant and joyful meeting with each other. A few moments were generally spent in reading some interesting article from the *Advocate*, or other paper or book. Sometimes the pastor has left his study and cheered them on by a few words, and by reading and asking questions. If the receivers can realize one half the joy that has been the portion of the givers, their light and cheerful labors will not have been in vain.

Yours, truly,

WEALTHY ANN RANNY.

*Three Rivers, Mich.*



"The Lord loveth the cheerful Giver."—

\* \* \* \* One year since, our benevolent people filled a box of clothing for Father Chiniquy's suffering "flock" in southern Illinois, but ere it was sent, word came that their wants were amply supplied.

Two-thirds of the contributions were reclaimed, and to the remaining third our kind-hearted, ever-active ladies in their charities to the "home poor," have plied busily the "polished shaft," and moved merrily the treadle of woman's silently-worshipped friend, the "sewing machine," and added scores of garments, comfortables, and other useful articles to the filling of the box again, shipped to-day for the "Home of the Friendless." Your interesting paper, the *Advocate and Guardian*, has silently but surely done its work in enlisting sympathy and stirring up to good deeds. And we most happily inform you that, to the present year's list, we shall be able to add the names of ten, and perhaps twenty new subscribers for 1861.

The children, too, have contributed to the amount of fifty shares (\$5), their little faces beaming with delight in view of relieving the orphan and friendless who have neither homes nor kind parents to protect or care for them.

Could you, dear Mrs. B., have looked in upon our sewing circle, a few afternoons since, your soul would have rejoiced in its instrumentality for advancing this noble cause, meeting with responses in towns and villages hundreds of miles distant, in fact, ebbing and flowing throughout the Union. The expression falling from the lips of one noble nature echoed from the busy fingers and happy countenances of the dozen about her, "I do so love to work for the Lord." This lady, the foster-mother of two interesting children, and, until recently, the third, from one o'clock P. M. till ten at night, plying her sewing machine busily, will convince you of the earnestness of purpose that pervades our circle.

Another subsequent meeting, with the new pieces added, proved insufficient to finish entirely all the garments, but an appeal to aid suffering Kansas, together with the panic or terror occasioned by the sudden appearance of scarlet fever at this time, removing shortly three of our fairest "olive plants," will, we trust, excuse this lack.

Believing us earnestly and cheerfully your friends in the sustaining of your Heaven-blessed work, we wish you God speed. In behalf of the committee,

I remain, truly yours,

MRS. A. F. TAPPING.

Ashland, N. Y.

"Faith made sight."—Beloved Sister,—I received your note duly. It awakened in my heart a strong desire to speedily respond. God has in His providence opened the way and I

herewith enclose \$10, which apply as suggested in your letter in filling up the Life-membership, and so entitling to the paper for life. I rejoice in the prospect of seeing the debt wiped out by New Year as it seems now sure to be done. You have my earnest prayers for God's blessing on all your work. Yours, truly,

MRS. WAIT TALCOTT.

Rockford, Ill.

"Left by a deceased daughter."—If there is any one thing upon this sin-cursed earth for which I am always thankful, it is, that in your large city thronged with the suffering, there is a legalized, well-managed Home for the Friendless. I have long taken a deep interest in the work in which you are engaged. It is one that commends itself to the philanthropist, and surely to every child of God. I have tried to do my part towards the debt.

I now enclose three dollars more, left by a deceased daughter, requesting you to bestow it upon some poor widow or deserted one. It may enable her to procure a little more fuel at this inclement season.

P. McEWEN.

Lawrence, Dec. 20th, 1860.

DIED, at Madison, on the 14th inst., Mrs. Caroline Herrick, in the 56th year of her age. As a child, she was obedient and respectful to parents and superiors, so that piety changed the current and object of her affections, and not so much the manner of her life. Religious duties became her delight, while the love of God was manifest in her life. Her desires for the happiness and welfare of all men were greatly increased at her conversion. There were none in the circle of her acquaintances who were suffering and miserable but enjoyed her charities. There were none of whose sufferings she read, whatever the cause, but were the subjects of her prayers. The fallen female, the orphans, who were gathered at the "Home for the Friendless," engaged her mind and heart. She was a friend of all the poor in the world, and, therefore, she was much interested in the organizations, the objects of which was to remove vice and oppression, and carry the gospel to the heathen. She regarded the church as the beloved of Christ, and felt that salvation must come out of Zion. As a widow, she was submissive and cheerful; as a mother, prayerful, faithful, and devoted; as a sister, affectionate and attentive; as a Christian, sensible and uniform. Com.

Augusta, Dec. 26th, 1860.

DIED, July 29th, 1860, Mrs. Nancy S. Brown, wife of Uriah S. Brown, formerly of Augusta. Oneida county, N. Y., aged 73 years and 11 months. She died in a paralytic fit, at Boone's Lick, Mo., while on a visit at her son's. She had for many years been a subscriber for the *Advocate and Guardian*, and took a deep interest in the cause to which it was devoted, and no other periodical afforded her so much pleasure in the perusal. Enclosed you will find five dollars, which I send as a small tribute to her memory, which you will please apply towards extinguishing your Home debt.

Respectfully, yours,

U. BROWN.

A CARD.—Dear Madam,—Will you allow me, through your paper, to thank the ladies of the First Congregational Church, in New Britain, for constituting me a life member of the American Female Guardian Society. May the gift which they thus devote to the friendless, exert a reflex influence, enriching their own hearts, and the honorable mention they have procured for my name in so long a list of persons, eminent for good works, stimulate to earnest, efficient labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

MRS. L. PERRIN.

New Britain, Dec., 1860.

#### LIFE-MEMBERS.

The following names have, since Nov. 1st, been added to the list of members, who, by the payment of twenty dollars, are entitled to the *Advocate and Guardian* for life.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Mrs. Betsey Clark, Poultney, Vt.            |  |
| Mrs. Rev. C. B. Hurlbert, New Haven, "      |  |
| Miss Louisa B. Stetson, Chesterfield, Mass. |  |
| Mrs. F. T. Curtis, Curtisville, "           |  |
| Mrs. Mary Weed, Bethel, Conn.               |  |
| Mrs. N. W. Stanley, New Britain, "          |  |
| Mrs. Nancy Holcomb, Watertown, "            |  |
| Miss Lavancia Richardson, West Meriden, "   |  |
| Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, Columbia, "        |  |
| Mrs. Elizabeth C. Richardson, Columbia, "   |  |
| Mrs. Rev. Henry McFarland, Morris, "        |  |
| Mrs. D. A. Allen, Lisbon, "                 |  |
| Mrs. M. G. Benedict, Easton, "              |  |
| Miss Eliza Marsh, Watertown, "              |  |
| Mrs. L. A. Bailey, Jewett, New York.        |  |
| Mrs. Laura H. Allen, Pitcher, "             |  |
| Mrs. Julia A. Brown, Brooklyn, "            |  |
| Miss Ellen Curtis, Newark, "                |  |
| Miss Phebe Sitzler, Durham, "               |  |
| Mrs. Abigail H. Couch, West Macedon, "      |  |
| Mrs. M. Avery, Gloversville, "              |  |
| Mrs. G. D. Beers, Ithaca, "                 |  |
| Mrs. Fanny L. Hess, Cherry Valley, "        |  |
| Mrs. Anna L. Smith, Gloversville, "         |  |
| Miss Julia Crocker, Kings Ferry, "          |  |
| Miss Mary Thistlethwaite, Buffalo, "        |  |
| Mrs. S. A. Babcock, Brookfield, "           |  |
| Mrs. M. O. Seovill, Cambria, "              |  |
| Mrs. Ann E. Bliss, Churchville, "           |  |
| Mrs. Maria Parsons, Southampton, "          |  |
| Mrs. Mary Westcott, Springfield, "          |  |
| Mrs. Harriet Douglas Oruger, New York City. |  |
| Mrs. Catharine Eckert, "                    |  |
| Mrs. Martha S. Parks, "                     |  |
| Mrs. John Wilson, "                         |  |
| Mrs. Benjamin Stephens, "                   |  |
| Mrs. Mary Wall, "                           |  |
| Miss Mary E. Mangam, "                      |  |
| Miss Louisa F. Johnson, "                   |  |
| Mrs. John Caswell, "                        |  |
| Mr. Ralph Mead, Sen., H. M. "               |  |
| Mr. Edwin Mead, "                           |  |
| Mrs. R. Veghte, Somerville, N. J.           |  |
| Mrs. Catharine McDonald, Frankfort, "       |  |
| Mrs. Rev. G. F. Bronson, Kirtland, Ohio.    |  |
| Miss Maria Wells, Hartford, "               |  |
| Mrs. Doct. Sumner, Cleveland, "             |  |
| Miss M. A. Armstrong, Pierpont, "           |  |
| Miss Elizabeth Dixon, Wilkes Barre, Penn.   |  |
| Mrs. Susan Meeker, Philadelphia, "          |  |
| Mrs. F. C. Crittenden, Ypsilanti, Mich.     |  |
| Mrs. Ambrose S. Berry, Adrian, "            |  |
| Mrs. Eliza P. Neely, Wataga, Ill.           |  |
| Mrs. Hannah Eggleston, Galesburgh, "        |  |
| Mrs. Wait Talcott, Rockford, "              |  |
| Mrs. H. M. Goodwin, "                       |  |
| Mrs. Dorothy Talcott, "                     |  |
| Mrs. Cynthia A. Wood, Marysville, Cal.      |  |

It has been proposed that twenty dollars be fixed upon, as the amount required for Life-membership after the next annual meeting.

The assistance so kindly rendered by many members to aid in removing the debt from the Home buildings is gratefully appreciated. Will they accept our warmest thanks.

J. S. LATHROP,

For Board of Managers.



The large number we print renders it impossible to bring the Acknowledgments to a later date than that indicated below

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE  
HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From Jan. 10th to 25th, 1861.

## HOME.

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| <b>Mc.</b> —Rev D. Thurston, Litchfield Corner.....   | \$1 00 |
| E. D. Mansfield, Camden.....  | 1 00   |
| <b>N.H.</b> —Miss L. B. Foster, Nashua.....   | 1 00   |
| <b>Vt.</b> —Mrs Adna Brown, Springfield.....  | 50     |
| A Friend, Saxton's River.....   | 50     |
| Mrs J. Wright, Mrs N. M. Leavitt, 50c each, Middlebury.....   | 1 00   |
| Wm and James Shepardson, Fairfax.....   | 50     |
| Ladies of Cong Ch Rupert, per Rev J. B. Clark, freight.....   | 1 00   |
| Friends, Barton, freight.....   | 1 45   |
| <b>Mass.</b> —Friends, Peru, freight.....   | 1 00   |
| Col by Miss Frances A. Rowland, Springfield.....  | 6 00   |
| Mrs McEwen, \$5 a few friends, \$4.50 Enfield.....  | 9 50   |
| Bal due from Estate of Mrs Maria Babbitt, Enfield, per A. Smith, Executor.....  | 24 42  |
| C. E. B., Attleborough.....   | 5 00   |
| Mrs B. Winter, Shutesbury.....  | 2 00   |
| <b>Ct.</b> —Friends, Merwinsville.....  | 40     |
| Mrs G. T. Lord, Marlboro.....   | 51     |
| Mrs Elizabeth Cady, (\$5 ann sub) Plainfield.....   | 10 00  |
| M. O. Gay, Suffield, freight.....   | 1 00   |
| Rachel Hollister, South Britain.....  | 1 00   |
| A friend to the cause, Southington.....   | 50     |
| Friends, Wolcott, per L. M. Linsley.....  | 8 00   |
| Bequest of Mrs Maria W. Lyons, Abington, per S. W. Lyons, Ex.....   | 50 00  |
| <b>N.Y.</b> —Mrs S. W. Baker, Hermon.....   | 50     |
| K. L. Adams, Syracuse.....  | 1 00   |
| Friends, Texas Valley, freight.....   | 50     |
| Mrs Tily and S. A. Johnson, Cooperstown.....  | 1 00   |
| Mrs Edgerton, \$1 Mrs M. Pugh, 50c Troy, per Mrs Bucklin.....   | 1 50   |
| A Friend, Wayland.....  | 2 50   |
| Diantha Everts, Mrs W. Cole, \$1 each, Friends, \$1 Mexico.....   | 3 00   |
| Hiram Hubbard, Stockholm Depot.....   | 1 00   |
| Mrs J. M. Howard, Schenectady.....  | 50     |
| Friends, Camden.....  | 1 64   |
| Catherine Maxon, Pittstown.....   | 50     |
| Rev A. Phoenix, Thomas H. Landon, \$3 each, George and Arthur, \$1 each, Harlem, col by Mrs Ingram, per Mrs Benedict.....   | 8 00   |
| Friends, Sauquoit.....  | 2 00   |
| Mrs Luther Mather, Fennert, freight.....  | 50     |
| Miss Abbie Bathrick, \$1 Mrs E. Brown, 50c Perry Centre.....  | 1 50   |
| Mrs J. H. Peckham, Mrs F. Hall, 50c each, Hannibal.....   | 1 00   |
| A young friend, Ripley.....   | 1 00   |
| Friends, Middlefield Centre, freight.....   | 1 00   |
| Alex Frazier, Mrs R. Hutson, \$1 each, Cabin Hill.....  | 2 00   |
| Mrs S. Pelton, Montgomery.....  | 50     |
| Home Circle, North Royalton.....  | 65     |
| L. S. Sears, Seneca Castle.....   | 1 50   |
| Anna C. North, \$2 Willie, 10c Pittsford.....   | 2 10   |
| Mrs L. Kellogg, Trumansburg.....  | 1 00   |
| Little Ida, Canandaigua.....  | 15     |
| Rev B. B. Gray, Seneca Castle, freight.....   | 1 00   |
| Mrs H. Carrier, Mrs L. Coye, Mrs E. Holmes, Mrs R. Griffith, 50c each, Gilberts Mills.....  | 2 00   |
| Mrs R. S. Osborn, Peterboro.....  | 1 00   |
| Lucetta, Eva Josephine, 10c each, a Friend, 4c. (found in mittens).....   | 24     |
| Nathan H. Halsey, Bloomingrove.....   | 2 00   |
| Mrs George Button, \$1 Mrs George De Groff, 50c Vermillion.....   | 1 50   |
| Part of Ch col. Jewett.....   | 1 25   |
| Mrs S. Beckwith, East Avon.....   | 1 00   |
| A Friend.....   | 1 00   |
| Friends, Ballston, \$1.75 Mrs C. Clape, 25c freight.....  | 2 00   |
| John Wilson, Knowlesville, do.....  | 1 00   |
| Friends, Delhi.....   | 6 00   |
| Readers of the Advocate, per Mrs M. H. Chapman.....   | 8 00   |
| Mrs W. J. Lovejoy, \$1 Mrs R. S. Perry, Mrs J. F. Tomlinson, 50c each, Corning.....   | 2 00   |
| Henrietta Davenport, Harpersfield.....  | 1 00   |
| <b>N.Y. City.</b> —Mrs Wade.....  | 3 00   |
| A Friend.....   | 20 00  |
| Mrs Jonathan Sturges, (ann sub).....  | 5 00   |
| Hendricks & Bro. \$10 J. R. Jaffray & Sons, \$10 Mr H. Grinnell, \$7 J. W. Schmidt & Co., G. S. Robbins, \$5 each, E. Pavenstedt & Co., J. N. Griffith, \$5 each, Plues & Co., \$3, H. M. Schieffelin, J. T. Tapscott, Palmer, Richardson & Co., Lehmaier Brothers, A. Iselin & Co., Jas. L. Schieffelin, Robert Colgate, O. D. Munn, \$5 each, per Rev T. W. Conway..... | 90 00  |
| Little Annie Tuson, for the Home Children.....  | 29     |

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Mrs Dr Holdich.....   | 1 00   |
| Mrs Oldis, per Mr Line.....   | 1 00   |
| A Lady, do.....   | 1 00   |
| Louisa, Anne, George and Alfred.....                                      | 1 00   |
| Edmund Hyatt, Esq., per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.....                           | 100 00 |
| <b>N. J.</b> —Friends, Roadstown, per Mrs L. K. Howell.....               | 10 00  |
| <b>Pa.</b> —Friends, Conneautville, Lineville and vic, freight.....       | 1 00   |
| Col Presb Ch's Prompton and Waymart.....                                  | 6 00   |
| Annie and Mary Town, Centre Road Station.....                             | 30     |
| Friends, Athens, freight.....   | 25     |
| Mrs H. V. Parker and children, Titusville.....                            | 3 00   |
| <b>D.C.</b> —Frances A. Baldwin, a Friend, 25c each, Washington.....      | 50     |
| <b>O.</b> —Caroline Hamlin, Wellington, freight.....                      | 1 00   |
| Mrs Hill, Mrs Fisher, 25c each, Johnstown.....                            | 50     |
| Female Benev Soc, Edinburg, freight.....                                  | 1 00   |
| Friends, Warren, do.....  | 1 50   |
| Mrs J. Stevens, Milan.....  | 50     |
| Mrs Mary G. Johnson, Marathon.....  | 1 00   |
| Friends, Hillsboro.....   | 2 00   |
| Friends, Pierpont.....  | 1 00   |
| Ladies Sewing Soc Brownhelm, freight.....                                 | 2 00   |
| Mrs H. Carter, Chagrin Falls.....   | 50     |
| Juv Benev Soc Bristol, freight.....                                       | 1 00   |
| Mrs Almira Williams, Windham.....   | 50     |
| Miss Woodworth, Cleveland.....  | 1 00   |
| <b>Ill.</b> —Mrs F. B. Benedict, Mrs H. O. Burt, 50c each, Brimfield..... | 1 00   |
| Rebecca Lawson, Polo.....   | 1 00   |
| Samuel Fitch, Galesburg.....  | 1 00   |
| Mrs Shepard, 50c Mrs Stephens, 36c Lafox.....                             | 86     |
| A few Friends, Lamoille.....  | 1 50   |
| Mrs Bostwick, Freedom.....  | 50     |
| Mrs E. S. Wilcox, Elmwood.....  | 5 00   |
| <b>Mich.</b> —Mrs S. A. Yeomans, Ionia.....                               | 50     |
| Ladies Benev Soc Mason, per Mrs L. Woodhouse, freight.....                | 5 00   |
| Venera Beyole, Ypsilanti.....   | 50     |
| Mrs E. L. Munger, Hillsdale.....  | 1 00   |
| New Christian Colony, Benzonia, per C. E. Bailey.....                     | 11 00  |
| Friends, Wacousta.....  | 1 87   |
| Two Subscribers, Monroe.....  | 1 00   |
| <b>Wis.</b> —Mrs I. I. Bushnell, Beloit.....                              | 1 00   |
| Abbie R. Ralvey, Lake View.....   | 50     |
| Mrs N. Kendrick, Mrs Johnson, 50c each, Genesee.....                      | 1 00   |
| Friends with Mrs S. Bruce's S. S. class, Allen's Grove.....               | 2 55   |
| <b>Iowa.</b> —Friends, Grinnell.....                                      | 1 50   |
| Friends, Anamosa, per S. A. Benton.....                                   | 1 79   |
| N. W. Martin, M. B. Smith, \$1 each, Marion.....                          | 2 00   |
| <b>Minn.</b> —Mrs H. M. Seccombe, St Anthony's Falls.....                 | 1 00   |
| <b>Kansas.</b> —A life-member, Wabauase.....                              | 50     |

## BUILDING FUND

|   |      |
|---|------|
| <b>Vt.</b> —Mrs Martin, Weston.....   | 50   |
| <b>Mass.</b> —Mrs J. D. Kinsman and S. S. class, \$1 Mrs Sabin, Mrs Jewett, Mrs Davis, Mrs Snow, 50c each, Fitchburg.....   | 3 00 |
| <b>N.Y.</b> —Mrs C. Albee, Addison.....   | 50   |
| A Friend, Shushan.....  | 50   |
| Mrs S. Strong, Mrs P. Hart, 50c each, Augusta.....  | 1 00 |
| Mrs J. O. Spenser, Mrs I. Done, 50c each, Depauville.....   | 1 00 |
| Friends, Ballston Spa, per E. Whiting.....  | 4 00 |
| Friends, Ellington, per Mrs H. McConnell.....   | 1 75 |
| Mrs L. Thomas, Mrs Randal, 50c each, Clayville.....   | 1 00 |
| Mrs Sears, Richford.....  | 50   |
| Mrs T. Graves, Mrs S. Bowie, 50c each, Hoosic.....  | 1 00 |
| Three Friends, Greenport.....   | 2 00 |
| T. Torance, \$2 Mrs R. Crowley, \$1 Randolph.....   | 3 00 |
| Mrs H. Westfall, Marion.....  | 50   |
| Mrs E. Budd, 50c Mrs M. Kingsbury, Miss E. Cassidy, 25c each, Clyde.....  | 1 00 |
| <b>Pa.</b> —Twelve little boys, Clark.....  | 1 21 |
| <b>O.</b> —Mrs S. W. Allen, Sylvania.....   | 50   |
| Friends, \$2.50 Arthur and Amelia, 50c West Andover.....  | 3 00 |
| Mrs J. Brooks, Painesville.....   | 50   |
| <b>Ind.</b> —Friends, Booneville.....   | 1 00 |
| Miss Martha Hale, South Bend.....   | 50   |
| <b>Ill.</b> —Friends, Freeport, per Mrs E. S. Henderson.....  | 3 00 |
| Jonathan Dike, Elgin.....   | 5 00 |
| Friends, Griggsville.....   | 1 50 |
| Mrs A. B. Jassoy, \$1 Mrs M. C. Dudley, Mrs L. Richards, Mrs E. K. Naramore, Mrs E. V. T. Greene, 50c each, Naperville..... | 3 00 |
| <b>Mich.</b> —J. W. Talbot, \$5 Friends, \$3.50 Centreville, per H. A. Lyman.....   | 8 50 |
| Three Subscribers, Brighton.....  | 1 50 |
| <b>Wis.</b> —Friends, Bristol.....  | 1 00 |
| <b>Iowa.</b> —Hannah Kirk, L. Cowgill, 50c each, West Branch.....   | 1 00 |

## WIDOWS' FUND.

|   |      |
|---|------|
| <b>Conn.</b> —Mrs Elisha A. Cowles, Meriden.....  | 1 51 |
| Kate Butts, \$1.25 Mrs T. W. Dewing, Miss S. Branch, Mrs J. M. Allen, 50c each, Mrs H. Williams, 25c Westminster..... | 3 00 |

|  |      |
|--|------|
| <b>N.Y.</b> —Mrs Sarah Chase, Otego.....     | 1 00 |
| A Friend, Jamestown.....                     | 2 00 |
| Mrs A. J. Frasier, Cabin Hill.....           | 1 00 |
| A Friend, Southampton.....                   | 1 00 |
| Mrs J. A. Ross, Lee.....                     | 50   |
| Mrs L. M. White, Peterboro.....              | 1 00 |
| <b>Ill.</b> —Mrs J. R. Brockway, Oswego..... | 1 06 |

## LIFE MEMBERS.

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| <b>N.Y.</b> —Moral Reform Soc Augusta, 2d payt on Mrs Elliott Hurd's L. M.....                      | 5 00  |
| Col of Cong and Meth Ch's Veronia, part payt to const Mrs Julia G. Hall, a L. M.....                | 5 13  |
| Mrs M. M. Heacock, Gloversville, to complete her mother's, Mrs M. Avery's L. M.....                 | 10 00 |
| Friends, Lowville, to const Mrs Jesse Porter, a L. M.....   | 10 00 |
| Mrs Jonas Hughston, Delhi, 2d payt on Mrs John B. Steele's L. M., Kingston.....                     | 2 00  |
| Mrs Sophia Woodruff, Strykersville, bal due on Mrs C. D. Woodruff's, Kilbourn City, Wis., L. M..... | 5 00  |
| Mrs Lucy A. Bailey, Jewett, to complete L. M.....   | 10 00 |
| <b>N.Y. City.</b> —Mrs Elizabeth Ann Webb, to const herself a L. M.....                             | 10 00 |
| <b>N.J.</b> —Mrs Geo Gifford, Bergen, to const herself a L. M., per Mrs Lord.....                   | 10 00 |
| <b>Mich.</b> —Mrs M. Wood, Wacousta, p. p. on L. M.....   | 2 50  |

## CLOTHING AND PROVISIONS.

Recd from Jan. 10th to 25th, 1861.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Vt.</b> —Rupert, a box of clothing from the Ladies of Cong Soc. and quilt from Dorothea Smith..... |  |
| North Royalton, a box of quilts and clothing from the Home Circle.....                                |  |
| West Brattleboro, a box of quilts and clothing from the Ladies Benev Soc.....                         |  |
| <b>Conn.</b> —Middlefield, a box of India rubber balls intended for the bazaar.....                   |  |
| Torrington, a package of clothing from the Social Union.....  |  |
| <b>N.Y.</b> —Cohoes, 90 yds unbleached muslin from the Ogden Mills, per Enoch Williams.....           |  |
| Veteran, a box of clothing from friends, per Eveline Crandell.....                                    |  |
| Lowville, a box of quilts and clothing, also a package from the Ladies of Deer River.....             |  |
| Seneca Castle, a box of clothing.....   |  |
| Middlefield, a barrel of dried apples from a few friends, per A. V. D.....                            |  |
| Peekskill, a thick overcoat from Dr John Collett.....   |  |
| Strykersville, a package of clothing from the Female Benev Soc of the Baptist Church.....             |  |
| East Bloomfield, a barrel of clothing and dried fruit from a few ladies, per Mrs Myron Adams.....     |  |
| Alfred Centre, a box of quilts and clothing from the Ladies Benevolent Soc.....                       |  |
| Norway, a package of clothing from friends, per Amelia J. Burt.....                                   |  |
| <b>N.Y. City.</b> —Several pieces of beef from Messrs McParlan.....                                   |  |
| 3 comforters from Mrs Tate.....   |  |
| 1 package of spool cotton, for I. S., No. 2, per Mrs Fairchild.....                                   |  |
| 17 pairs shoes, from James Wiggins, 75 Barclay St. per Mrs E. Starr.....                              |  |
| <b>N.J.</b> —Shiloh, a box of clothing from the Fem Indus Soc.....                                    |  |
| <b>Pa.</b> —Conneaut, a barrel of clothing and dried fruit from a few friends, per J. Ballard.....    |  |
| Mt Jackson, a box of clothing from the Ladies, per W. Bushnell.....                                   |  |
| <b>O.</b> —West Williamsfield, a box of quilts and clothing from the Sew Soc of Orwell.....           |  |
| North Bloomfield, a box of clothing and provisions from the Ladies Benev Soc.....                     |  |
| <b>Wis.</b> —Metomen, a barrel of quilts and clothing.....  |  |
| <b>Iowa.</b> —Westfield, 1 bedquilt and 1 comfortable from friends, per Mrs N. N. Sykes.....          |  |

Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following

## FORM OF A BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

THE CARRIER OF THIS is authorized to receive su

NE



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VOL. XXVII.

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American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the*  
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